

THE  
SURPRIZE:  
OR, THE  
GENTLEMAN  
TURN'D  
APOTHECARY.

A TALE Written Originally  
in *French* Prose; afterwards  
Translated into *Latin*; and  
from thence now Versified in  
*Hudibrastics*.

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—*Virgo Pretiumque & Causa Laboris,*  
OVID.

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T O

O U R F A I R

# READERS.

**T**HE Muse presumes to lay before ye  
(If not a true) a merry Story:

Nor need ye fear our Mirth will hurt ye,  
Since 'twill instruct while it diverts ye.

A Fair-one, tho' surpriz'd, you'll see

Preserve good Sense and Modesty;

And Manly Courage, Wit and Truth

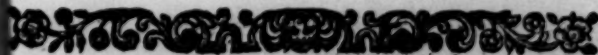
Conspire to bless a lucky Youth.

Your Censures then, ye Fair, suspend,

Nor let the Comic Scene offend;

But read the Tale, and mark the End.

}



A



NOBILIS  
PHARMACOPOLA.



*ULIERUM* nobilium & formosa-  
rum Methodus, quatenus ad Venæ  
Incisionem, Clysterumque Infusio-  
nem, proculdubio admodum salutaris  
est, tum ad integram Valetudinem  
sustentandam, tum ad formam adjuvandam, sed  
maximè omnium Clysteres;

*quibus*





T H E  
S U R P R I Z E.



BEAUTY's of Health the Offspring  
fair :

Then Health deserves the Lady's Care.

For this, among *Parisian* Dames,

(Well skill'd in raising am'rous Flames)

The healthy Custom does obtain ;

To *Clyster*, and to breathe a Vein :

But Chief the *Clyster's* warm Injection

Is judg'd a Friend to the Complexion.

#### 4 NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

*quibus frequenter Araminta utebatur; non quòd plus solito cuti Nitorem inducere potuissent, sed potius ut Pulchritudinem vegetam moventemque sospitarent, quam nec creare nec augere penes se potestas erat.*

*Fortè evenit, cùm jussisset Tempestivum hoc Alexipharmacon curari, & ab Ancilla certior facta fuisset, omnia prout imperaverat parata esse, ut super Lectum recubens, Corpus ad imbibendam Medicinam componeret, mirâque ac singulari Patientiâ auxiliare munus expectaret. Mirâ Patientiâ, dico; abdita enim vis iræ celerius Maciem & aniles Rugas inducit, atque omnes insignioris formæ Fœminæ sese quasi Jurejurando obstrinxerunt Formis & Faciebus, quibus plurimùm sperant, potissimum inservire.*

*Hera*

This, *Amarinta*, blooming Maid,  
 Would frequent use in Beauty's Aid.  
 Not that her native lucid White  
 Acquir'd the least Addition by't,  
 Nor Art had Pow'r new Charms to give,  
 But only a Preservative.

How Fortune's pleas'd to hamper Folks !  
 'Tis happy when she only jokes.

It happen'd once, when as the Fair  
 Had bid her Maid the Thing prepare ;  
 And when the Maid inform'd her Lady  
 That all, as she had will'd, was ready ;  
 The Fair betook her to the Bed,  
 Herself in proper Order laid,  
 And waited *patiently* the Maid. }  
 In *Patience* wise ; for Ire to smother  
 Would wrinkle her like any Mother ;  
 And all the Fair, whom *Venus* graces,  
 Are ever faithful to their Faces ;  
 And hold it as their bounden Duty,  
 On all Events to serve their Beauty.

*Heræ jam Corpore composito, prout dixi, atque, ut mos est, ita accommodato, uti quicquid in Cubiculo ageretur ipsa observare non potuit, Ancilla se in pedes conjicit (aperto Ostio relicto) ad afferendam Mappam. Eoque temporis articulo, dum Linteum perquiritur, passu tacito Timantus (Dominæ admodum familiaris) ascendit Scalas, spectansque additum cuique patuisse, etiam Cubiculum ingreditur.*

*Quod primum Visu deprehendit par erat formosissimarum Clunium: quibus visis, paulisper secum dubitabat, partim præ Reverentia, partim etiam præ Stupore. Sed paulatim ad se rediens, & toto Lumine circumcirca lustrans,*

*siquis*

The Lady, as before we said,  
 In such a prone Position laid,  
 As serv'd effectually to blind her,  
 Unless she'd also Eyes behind her;  
 The Wench t'her nimble Heels betook,  
 For a forgotten Cloth to look;  
 And in her Haste the careless Slut  
 Omits the Chamber Door to shut.  
 Just in this Absence of the Maid,  
 While hunting for the Cloth missaid,  
 Up Stairs *Timante* gently came;  
 (One well acquainted with the Dame)  
 And finding all the Passage free,  
 While none perceiv'd him, in bolts he.

Of Beauty what a sudden Blaze  
 Strikes our Spectator with Amaze!  
 As double-topt *Parnassus* shows,  
 When cover'd with the new-fal'n Snows.  
 Wonder and reverential Awe  
 Fix'd him a-while at what he saw.  
 But now beginning to resume  
 Himself, and looking round the Room,

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*si quis adfuisset, in Instrumentum quoddam flestit Oculos, supra Cathedram, propè Spondam ab Ancilla positum. Id innocenter admodum Vir bonus attollit, oneratúmque inveniens, nec seipsum procul à Scopo, Pharmacopolâ deficiente, in animo statuit executionem illius Negotii sibi suscipere, & confecit, tantâque Dexteritate, ut nulli Parisiensi Artifici secundus esse videretur.*

*Exemplò, consummato Opere, clam se subduxit Timantus, tam clanculùm quàm irrepperat, omnibúque sui adventus insciis. Interea Araminta intra Velaria se contraxit, stragulóque co-operta, ne malè se haberet, componit membra Quieti.*

*Nec tam citò Timantus domo egressus erat, quin omni festinatione descenderet Ancilla,*

*mille,*



# The SURPRIZE.

To see if any One were there,  
 He spy'd an Engine on a Chair;  
 Which he, good Man, with harmless Mind,  
 Took up, and guess'd the Use design'd;  
 Which seem'd unto him pretty clear,  
 It being charg'd, the Mark so near;  
 But finding no Apothecary,  
 Resolv'd the Task himself would dare he;  
 And so he did, and play'd the Part  
 Like a top Master of the Art.  
 Him *Phæbus* might with Envy see;  
 Than *Phæbus* more successful he,  
 More beautiful than *Daphne* she.

This done, without a Mortal's View,  
 He secret as he came withdrew.  
 Mean Time the Fair t'avoid all Harms,  
 Within the Curtains veils her Charms,  
 The Coverlet upon her throws,  
 And timely seeks a soft Repose.  
 So western *Sol*, in *Thetis'* Lap,  
 Withdraws his Beams, to take a Nap.

'Twas well the Spark no longer stay'd,  
 For now in Haste returns the Maid,

Excuses

*mille, dum properat, parans Excusationes, ne Hera stomacharetur, quæ tam diu reditum suum expectaverat.*

*O factum benè, inquit, de isthoc gaudeo, Domina, utcunque evenit, te tam meritò, teipsam fovendo, valetudini indulgere. Sed nunc citò, si placet, adsum tibi. Et meherculè Clyster, priusquam ascenderat Ancilla, aliquantulum calidior erat.*

*Quid (exclamabat Araminta) sibi vult hæc Ineptæ, vin' quidem ut repetam? & duos unà vice admittam?*

*Duos! Hera, veniam oro (inquit Ancilla) nibil tale prorsus adhuc habuisti.*

*Apagesis, tu nimium lascivis (ait Araminta) & finas ut hunc ejiciam, priusquam alterum injicias. Nonne tute ipsa jam nunc unum mihi adbibuisti?*

*Non equidem, Domina, ita me Dii ament, (dixit Puella)*

*nam*

The SURPRIZE. 11

Excuses forming by the Way  
T'her Mistrefs, for the long Delay :  
And, ô dear Madam, she begun,  
Upon my Word, you've rightly done,  
And it delights me more than Wealth,  
To see you thus consult your Health.  
But now, if you're dispos'd to rise,  
I'll serve your La'ship in a trice:  
And ere I went, of this I'm sure,  
The Clyster was too hot t'endure.

What means the Fool, (her Lady cries)  
What two at once ! let one suffice.

Two ! Madam, (quoth the Maid) I pray  
Your La'ship's Pardon, when I say,  
That no such Thing you've had to Day.

Away, (quoth Madam) fooling leave,  
Let's this discharge, ere more receive,  
Did you not one this Instant give ?

No truly, Madam . (says the Maid)  
As e'er I hope for Heaven's Aid ;

For

*nam toto hoc tempore ipsa. absui, ut in Solario Mappam exquirerem. Nunc verò, Hera mea, tibi ipsi te Pharmacopolam fuisse intelligo: Vescam namque exenteratam esse cerno.*

*Ecastor non feci ego, dixit Araminta; sed nil certius est, quin Clysterem in Intestinis teneam, & quæcunque immisit Adjutrix erat egregia.*

*Ancilla iterum ac sæpiùs dejerabat, quòd ad se attineret, quo pacto, id fieri potuisset se prorsus nescire.*

*Hinc avidè & invicem sese spectabant, tantâque Consternatione mirandâ quanta potuit maxima, Vocibusque deficientibus, huc atque illuc intuentes, cogitationum Anxietates indicabant. Denique se ipsas recolentes, Cubiculum diligenter rimabantur, ut hanc invisibilem Adjutricem investigarent; sed nusquam apparebat.*

For all this while above I've been,  
 To find a Napkin that was clean:  
 But now I plainly understand  
 Your own has been the friendly Hand;  
 As by this Token may appear;  
 See! the Machine is empty here.

Fair *Araminta* makes reply,  
 Upon my Faith, it was not I;  
 But certain I within me have it,  
 And she's an Artist too, that gave it.

The Maid, for her Part, stands it out,  
 She knows not how it came about.

They now on one another gaze,  
 With fault'ring Speech and wild Amaze,  
 Then here and there their Eyes are roll'd;  
 Their Looks their inward Trouble told.  
 At length themselves they recollect,  
 And strictly all the Room inspect,  
 This strange *Invisible* explore,  
 But are no wiser than before.

Hence

*Ex quo, unanimes Dæmonem esse protuldubiò censebant, atque uno eodémque suffragio Domum Umbræ inquietatam esse ejulabant.*

*Hæc Quiritatio confestim totam Vicinitatem ad Cubiculum Aramintæ contulerat, ut ex ipsis quid rei erat resciscerent. Ancilla dicebat, eas à Larvæ agitari, & perterreri. Jesu, Maria! (vociferabatur grex, seipsas Crucis signaculo munientes) sed quid fecerunt? quid fecerunt? Ad hæc nihil aliud ab iis expiscari poterant, præterquam Dæmonem Artem Pharmacopolæ exercuisse.*

*Hoc ipso tempore Clyster Aramintæ alvum vehementer moverat, turbæque sibi, ultra quàm oportebat molesta erat. Tormina tamen ventrisque Murmurationes compescuit, donec vix potuit: Tum verò, urgente Dolore gravi, petit ut liberam se relinquere vellent. Quamprimùm Turba locum expediverat, Araminta Clysterem Dæmoni rursus reddebat, & bene se habere sentiebat.*

Hence both unanimous conclude  
The *Fiend* had play'd this Frolick shrewd;  
Thus each by t'other's Whimsy daunted,  
They both shriek'd out the House was haunted.

This Uproar brought the Neighbours on 'em,  
To know what Mischief had been done 'em:  
Oh! (cry'd the Maid) infernal Sprights  
Have put us into Deadly Frights!  
*Jesu, Marie!* the Neighbours cry'd,  
(Crossing themselves as terrify'd)  
But tell us what they've done to scare ye?  
'Twas all they fish'd from *Miss* or *Mary*,  
The *Fiend* had turn'd Apothecary.

Now *Araminta* feels within  
The Clyster's moving Force begin;  
The Company fatiguing grows,  
Yet she suppress'd her inward Throws.  
Till forc'd at length by griping Pain,  
She begg'd she might alone remain.  
The Company no sooner gone,  
Than she return'd the *Fiend* his own,  
And found herself much easier grown.



*Casus hic fortuitus & Pavore plenus erat, sed non ita formidabilis, ut Heroinæ tantum derepentis metûs incuteret, quominûs illi Pulchritudo sua usitatâque Delectatio curæ essent; nec Dæmon ipse potuit Aramintam impedire, quin more solito seipsam ornaret, atque eâdem Vesperâ in publicum prodiret.*

*Dum hæc agitantur, Timantus, vîsítandi gratiâ, ad insignis ejusdam Heroinæ Domum ab Aramintæ Cubiculo rectâ contendebat viâ. Interea tam fortuiti casus imaginatio ante ejus oculos continuû obversabatur, & quoties in mentem venerat, omninò temperare non potuit, quin risum tolleret Societati injucundum, dum unusquisque se contemptui habitum censeret. Tum verò, ut seipsam ab omni culpa liberaret, necessitate quâdam coactus est indicare quid rei erat quæ tam hilarem illum fecerat, ne diutiùs eum malè moratum aut ridiculum crederent.*

*Dum*



It must be own'd, this Chance was such,  
 It frighted *Araminta* much ;  
 Yet could not so the Fair affect,  
 Her Charms or Pleasure to neglect :  
 Nor could the *Fiend* himself prevent  
 Performance of her fixt Intent,  
 In spite of all, by nothing aw'd,  
 To dress that Eve, and go abroad.

Mean Time *Timante* hasted thence  
 T'a Lady's of great Eminence,  
 Where he a sprightly Circle join'd,  
 Yet could not banish from his Mind  
 The comic Scene he left behind :  
 Nor could he for his Soul restrain  
 (As it recurr'd) the merry Vein ;  
 But laughing out, inclin'd the rest  
 To think themselves become his Jest.  
 Of which to clear himself he fell  
 Under a Sort of Force to tell  
 What 'twas diverted him so well,  
 Lest they should longer take Offence,  
 Or tax his Manners or his Sense.

B

Then

*Dum Ausum enarraret suum, certiores illos fecit quo pacto, favente Deâ Fortunâ, cuidam formosissimæ totius Galliæ Fæminæ Officium Pharmacopolæ præstiterat; & deinde speciatim illis dicebat omnia, celato tantum Ægrotantis nomine. Historia tam jucunda totius Societatis risum concitavit haud repentè moderandum. Atque, ut breviter dicam, inter Facetias & Lepores, rarè unquam ullum Pomeridianum tempus festiviùs consummatum erat. Pro certo, Nomen illi tale est dicebat, inter cæteras una, vel tale, augurabatur alia; ac inter reliquas, nominis Aramintæ haud immemores fuere. Quod eò magis crediderunt, tum quia non clam illas erat sua Medicinæ Praxis, tum quia Timantus ipsius Domum sæpiissimè frequentabat.*

*Aramintæ, uti satis constabat, Ingenium erat aversatum cum Larvis habere commercium. Ideoque cum penitus in animum induxisset Cubiculum Lemuribus exagitatum esse,*

Then he the mirthful Cause display'd;  
 How, by propitious Fortune's Aid,  
 He'd done th' *Apothecary's* Duty  
 To *France's* most consummate Beauty:  
 And then each Circumstance reveal'd;  
 His *Patient's* Name alone conceal'd.  
 The Tale so pleasant, no one there  
 Immod'rate Laughter could forbear.  
 In short, the Novelty gave Birth  
 To so much Wit, such Jokes and Mirth,  
 No Time was gayer spent on Earth.  
*'Tis such a one, cry'd one, I know;*  
 Another guess'd, *her Name is so;*  
 Among 'em *Araminta's* mix'd,  
 Nor sooner nam'd, but there they fix'd;  
 They knew such Physic was her Taste,  
*Timante* too her frequent Guest.

Fair *Araminta* being averse  
 From holding with a Spright Commerce,  
 No sooner took it in her Head,  
 That Goblins danc'd about her Bed,

maturavit se ornare & foras procedere. Et sic exiit ad visendam Cephisam, Domus illius Domina, ubi tunc Timantus interfuit, atque etiam ubi adhuc (ut dixi) res in quaestione versabatur. Ejus ad adventum in Conclave animadverterunt astantes Timantum subridentem & erubescensem; quod Societatem conjecturis corroboravit Aramintam celatam illam fuisse Personam. A Cephisa blandis & benignis Verbis perhumanè excipitur; cumque à Genere & Dignitate Jus peculiare sibi vindicaret ad libitum loquendi, (postquam non minus de Vestitu, quàm de Aramintæ Pulchritudine, varias sermonum facetias protulerat) Capitis periculum adibo, Domina, (inquit Cephisa satis subdolè) hodie te Medicinæ indulgisse, nam tale quiddam divinare mihi videtur Crassis vestra. Araminta, ut potuit, rubore rem celavit:

rubo-

But drefs'd to go and leave the Elves  
To play their Gambols by themselves.  
She went to see the very Dame  
We mention'd, tho' we did not name,  
*Cephisa* ; where *Timante* yet  
Upheld the jocular Debate.

When in fair *Araminta* came,  
Quick spread his Cheeks the conscious Flame,  
And a half Smile the Standers-by  
In spite of all his Art descry ;  
Which serv'd but to confirm the more  
Th' Opinion they were of before.  
With Words benign and placid Air,  
*Cephise* receiv'd the lovely Fair ;  
And (as her Rank and Quality  
Might claim a Right of speaking free)  
Some sprightly Things began t'express  
On *Araminta's* Charms and Drefs ;  
Then shy proceeds ; my Life I'll lay,  
You Physic have indulg'd to-day ;  
So your Complexion seems to say.  
To veil it *Araminta* tries,  
Yet can't forbid a Blush to rise ;

B ;

The

ruborem verò illum Timantos simili Tincturâ prodidit, atque etiam subrifione quâdam, cui neque temperare potuit; quanquam ut strenuè istam compri-meret, dentes labellis illiferat; ita ut coactus esset ad fenestram se divertere, præ metu ne Araminta animadverteret, causamque imaginaretur. Omnes hæ circumstantiæ, seriò pensatæ magis magisque Societatem confirmavere; cùmque Sermones in multam Noctem produxissent, appositumque jam tempus fuisset receptui canendi, unaquæque suum iter instituebat, confidenter nunc securæ, tam Personam, quæ Medicinam admiserat, quàm Pharmacopolam, notos illis fuisse.

Haud ita longo pòst tempore, constante famâ, atque omnium ore celebratum fuit, quòd Dæmon Aramintæ Clysterem administraverat, idque ex sua Ancilla ortum, quæ primò cuidam familiari suæ, usitato Fæminarum more, clanculùm indicaverat;

The like *Timante's* Check o'verspread,  
 Who something of a Smile betray'd;  
 Which he endeavour'd to restrain,  
 But strove and bit his Lips in vain;  
 So to the Window turn'd aside,  
 The conscious Blush and Smile to hide,  
 For fear the Cause should be suspected  
 By her whom it so much affected.  
 These Circumstances duly weigh'd,  
 Th' Observers more and more perswade;  
 And when they'd talk'd 'till late it grew,  
 Each went her Way, assur'd she knew  
 The *Doctor* and his *Patient* too.

It grew the common Talk ere long,  
 And heard it was from ev'ry Tongue,  
 That the foul *Fiend* did administer  
 To *Araminta* fair a Clyster:  
 From her own Maid the Tale arose,  
 For (what the very Woman shows)  
 She whispers it to one she knows;  
 Who in like Manner to a Friend  
 The solemn Secret does commend:



*exinde viritim percrebuit, donec ad Aramintam ipsam demum permanerat: tamque satis certè inter omnes constitit, ut in publicum prodire non potuerit, quin digitis vulgi per plateas monstraretur. Attamen hic Rumor baud diu inveteravit, antequam Timantus Dæmonis vicem in Fabula supplēvit, cū illa, utpotè quæ verisimilior esset Relatio, & quæ veritati magis appropinquaret, magis omnibus placeret.*

Timantus hoc tempore quo se verteret nesciebat. Nam si (uti solitus) visitando abstineret, facile pro concesso sumptum fore prævidebat, omnes Rumori isti fidem adhibitueros: Sic, è contrà, si proficisceretur, idque ei objiceretur, quomodo rem evadere potuit, nescius erat, nisi negatione Criminis inficiationēque facti. In qua re timor illi erat, ne quod promulgaverat Testimonium adversus eum perbiberet.



Thus round it flew, in Circuit fast,  
 And *Araminta* reach'd at last.  
 'Twas known to all, and still to blow her  
 Whene'er she ventur'd out a Door,  
 The Mob would with their Fingers show her.  
 Howe'er, this Story was not old,  
 Before 'twas differently told :  
 For now, as they relate the Case,  
*Timante* takes the Devil's Place ;  
 Which pleases better of the two,  
 Because more likely to be true.

And now *Timante*'s at a Stand,  
 And Danger waits on either Hand.  
 For should he now his Conduct vary,  
 Nor Visits pay as customary,  
 'Twere yielding of the Matter plain,  
 And the Report would Credit gain:  
 Or should he take the Heart to go,  
 He did not how t'evade it know ;  
 Unless, when brought upon his Trial,  
 By standing in a stiff Denial ;  
 But his own Story, 'twas his Fear ;  
 In Judgment 'gainst him would appear.

Yet

*His Cogitationibus exagitatus, decrevit eundem esse; at verò ubi primùm atrii limen tetigerat, tam mirificè metu captus erat, ne Aramintæ in offensâ esset; animoque tam dubio, tâmq̃ue ad stuporem usque cordis palpitatione discruciatu, ut omninò suspicaretur se suæ gratiæ multò cupidiorẽ esse, illâmq̃ue longè violentius amare quàm præviderat. Quod ipsum tanto magis sollicitabat, quia sibi pro certo constabat, illam jam inter Procos habuisse Lycandrum, qui tum Ruri erat.*

*Inter has mentis perturbationes Cubiculum ascendit Aramintæ, quam offendebat mille leporibus & venustatibus affluentem, quas pene nunquam priùs animadverterat. Nam si credat aliquis quòd Mulierem amet, aut amare debeat, hoc satis est, si non voti compos fuerit, hominem redigere ad tantam desperationem, ita ut seipsum Fasciolis suis suspendere non dubitet.*

Yet spite of all his Thoughts' Confusion,  
To go, at last, was his Conclusion.

But soon as he'd approach'd her Door,  
He found a Dread unknown before;  
Such Fear of giving her Offence,  
Such flutt'ring Heart and Mind's Suspence,  
As certain Symptoms were to prove  
Him, more than he'd foreseen, in Love.  
And still, what gave him farther Pain,  
He knew among th' admiring Train  
Of *Aramint*, *Lycander* one,  
Who then was to the Country gone.

Amid these anxious Thoughts he came  
Up to the Chamber of the Dame,  
Whom there he found all brilliant o'er  
With Charms he ne'er remark'd before.  
(For if a Man once take the Notion,  
He bears or owes t'a Girl Devotion,  
It is enough, if baulk'd his Hopes,  
To turn his Garters into Ropes.)

*Timante*

*Superventio hæc inopinata paulisper ejus linguam cobibebat, spectabátque Mulierem tanquam attonitus; è contrario, Araminta etiam stabat tanquam stupida, hærebátque defixis in terram oculis, an majori utrorum confusione incertum est.*

*Timantus, ne aspectum quidem Dominae sustinere potuit, neque Araminta sui Pharmacopolæ; ita ut circiter quartam horæ partem ambo obmutuerint; imo ne minimus quidem obtutus emicuit inter eos ad indicandum quid voluerint, si potuissent proloqui.*

*Tandem Araminta in hunc modum exorsa est, transversoque intuitu, Timante, (inquit illa) Aliquid credo esse injuriæ, quod molestè fero, à te acceptum. Atque — Tum verò reticuit.*

*Quod cùm observavisset Timantus,*

*Domina,*

*Timante* speechless stood, amaz'd,  
And on fair *Araminta* gaz'd;  
While she appear'd as in a Stound,  
And fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground;  
'Twas dubious at this Interview,  
Which more confus'd was of the two.

*Timante*, conscious what he'd done,  
Could scarce his *Patient* look upon;  
And less could *Araminta* fair  
Her '*Posbecary*'s Presence bear.  
Some Minutes' Space thus held the Greeting,  
And 'twas a perfect silent Meeting;  
Withour a Glance to indicate,  
Could they have spoke, what they'd be at.

At length the Lady, with a Leer,  
That she could speak, thus made appear:  
Sir, I've receiv'd a base Affront,  
And I believe 'tis you have done't,  
And, Sir, — But there short off she breaks;  
Which he observing, Answer makes;

Madam,

*Domina, (inquit ille) existimare nequeo quid quod ita ægrè à me in contumeliam accipias, qui (ita Dii me ament) nunquam aliquid in animo habui, quàm ut tibi inserviam.*

*Attamen aliqua sunt Officia, respondit illa, quæ nollem à Timanto in me conferri; nec verò necesse est dicere cujusmodi sunt.*

*Utinam ecquando tam fortunatus ille ipse fuisset, Domina, (inquit Timantus) qui officia tibi grata præstiteram, ut discriminarem inter ea quæ tibi perjucunda, atque ea quæ tibi infensa sunt.*

*Officia mihi probata (inquit Araminta) minimè gentium istius generis sunt quæ tute ipse mihi præstitisti.*

*Ad hæc juvenile decus pingere Malas cæpit; sed Timantus persequitur orationem, quasi nihil quicquam tale fuisset. Proh dolor, Domina! inquit ille, Officia quæ tibi præstiti!*

Madam, I cannot guess what 'tis  
That you should take of me amiss,  
Who never entertain'd a Thought  
But still to serve you as I ought.

Some Services there are, good Sir,  
Quoth she, I'd not have you confer;  
Nor is there any Need to say  
What Sort of Services are they.

I wish I'd been so happy, said he,  
Such grateful Services t'have paid ye,  
As I the Difference might learn  
Twixt those you like and those you spurn.

The Services I like, quoth she,  
Are not the Sort, you've render'd me.

At this a charming Blush arose;  
But he quite ign'rant of it shows,  
And on with his Oration goes.

Alas, quoth he, dear Madam! pray —  
Service I've done you, did you say?

I own,



*Fateor me, toto vitæ spatio, omnibus contendiſſe nervis veſtræ utilitati inſervire, ſed adhuc, neſcio quo infaſto omine occaſionem ſemper amiſſiſſe.*

*Ut illud faceres, inquit Araminta, certò mihi conſtat, qualemcunque te anſam arripere velle, priuſquam occaſionem deſiderabis.*

*Qui nunquam habuit occaſionem, inquit Timantus, neceſſe eſt ut eâ deſtituatur; neque ullam exoptarem, niſi commodi veſtri gratiâ. Et ———*

*Tum Araminta, medium intercipient ſermonem, Poſſibile eſt, inquit illa, ut obveniente occaſione, penes te ſit officium mihi præſtare, quod vix tibi referendum eſt acceptum; & fortaſſe idem illud à te jamdudum reverà perpetratum eſt.*

*Si ſic fuerit, Domina (inquit Timantus) quomodocunque clam me eſt.*



I own, I've ever to this Hour,  
 Endeavour'd all within my Pow'r  
 To serve you, but, by Fortune cross'd,  
 I've always the Occasion lost.

For that, quoth she, all Means you'd try  
 Ere want an Opportunity.

Who ne'er had any, this you'll grant,  
 Quoth he, must needs Occasion want:  
 Nor should I wish it, but in View,  
 Fair Lady, of my serving you.  
 And ——— Farther Complement intended,  
 She, interposing, thus suspended:  
 'Tis possible, quoth she, there may  
 Occasion happen in your Way,  
 When it's within your Pow'r to do me  
 A Service little grateful to me;  
 And 'tis, perhaps, the very same  
 Which you have done, and which I blame.

Madam, says he, if it be so,  
 I'm sure I nothing of it know.

Age, age, (*inquit* Araminta, *attollens vocem*)  
fatis præstigiærum; non me fugit quid perpetrasti,  
fatisque fecisti ut qui sempiterno apud me odio  
sis.

*Si tibi inservivi, Domina, ut arbitraris, cur,*  
*inquit* Timantus, *me detestareris, aut molestâ fer-*  
*res, quia tibi operam locavi, nescio.*

Veruntamen, *inquit* Araminta, id ægrè patior,  
ægerimè.

*Mentem nequeo ad cogitandum instituire (inquit*  
*ille) id à te ex animo dictum esse; nam si tibi*  
*usui fui, putarem me Præmiis potius ut à te*  
*donarer, quam probis increparer, meruisse.*

An verò tu solus ignoras, *inquit* Araminta (*post-*  
*quam paulisper sermonem intermiserat, sentiens se*  
*illum non potuisse inducere ut ad rem loqueretur*)  
quod aliqua sunt officia, quæ nunquam præstanda  
sunt, nisi veniâ prius impetratâ?

Quod

Go to, go to, (reply'd the Fair,  
Raising her Voice) your Shifts forbear,  
I'm not unknowing of th' Exploit,  
And fix'd you have my Harred by't.

If I have serv'd you, as you say,  
Cry'd he, then why d'ye hate me, pray?  
For thus to take a Service ill,  
To me must be a Riddle still.

And yet, the Lady says, I do,  
And that exceeding heinous too.

I can't, quoth he, think, for my Part,  
That's spoke sincerely from your Heart;  
For, if I've been of Use, 'twere hard  
To meet Reproach for a Reward.

After a Pause, and somewhat vext  
She could not bring him to the Text,  
Are you to learn, said she, there are  
Some Services you should not dare,  
'Till first, by asking Leave, you find  
The Doing will be taken Kind?

*Quod ad me attinet, ait ille, mea sic est ratio, Nobilissima illa esse servitia quæ clam absque jactatione perficiuntur. Veniæ impetratio plus nimis vanitatis & ostentationis redolet, rem in antecessum publicando; evenitque sæpenumerò futile tantum prætextum, cùm id quod conati fuimus, consequi nos posse desperemus. Quod superest, inquit ille, plus semper generositatis habet, ut quilibet de seipso reticeat, non modo dum servitium absolvat, sed si fieri potuerit, in æternum, inde ab illo tempore quo servitium absolutum fuit:*

*Et tu, inquit Araminta, nihil fecisses melius, quàm si istius servitia sua reticentis gregis te præbuiesses unum. Nam Servitium quod nunc in litem venit, istius ordinis est, quod Reprehensionem multò magis quàm præmium mereatur.*

*Servitium quod tibi præstiti, (reposuit Timantus) proculdubio novi & inauditi generis est, si tale fuerit quale est à te relatum; sique id quicunque præstitisset se commississe facinus nescius sit.*

'Tis my Opinion, answer'd he,  
Those Services the noblest be  
In Secret done, from boasting free.  
And asking Leave to do a Favour,  
Too much of Vanity does favour;  
'Tis Ostentation and a Shame,  
The Thing before-hand to proclaim;  
And oft' it proves that we pretend  
To that which fails us in the End.  
In fine, quoth he, 'tis always held  
More generous to lie conceal'd,  
As well in doing of a Favour,  
As after, if we can for ever.

And, Sir, quoth she, 'twere mighty well,  
Did you ne'er of your Service tell;  
For that which now is in Dispute  
Blame more than a Reward does suit.

The Service which I did, quoth he,  
A strange unheard of one must be,  
If such 'tis as you're pleas'd to show it,  
And he that did it does not know it.

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And he that did it does not know it.



*Esse tam facilis, quæso, ut te exorem mihi suggerere vel aliquod indicium edere, quo rem intelligam; tibi que confirmo simulac primùm resciscam, me non tam scrupulosum fore ut inficiar. Id dicendo præviderat, ut quo se verteret ipsa nesciret; Et sentiens se illam in Labyrintham induxisse. At, Domina, inquit ille, Servitium quod animadvertis, tam tibi penitus, ut mihi videtur, quàm mihi prorsus ignotum est; Et tute istius quod passa fueris, minùs rationem reddere potis es, quàm egomet ipse illius, quodcunque fuit, quod ipse præstiti.*

*Age, age, inquit Araminta, nosmet ipsos intelligimus: Et cùm Servitium ita sit ignominiosum, ut fixum tibi sit illud abnuene, haud ita multum laborabo te certiore facere,*

*Quid*



Pray be so good, the Thing suggest,  
 Or give a Hint, whereby the rest  
 I may conceive tho' not express;  
 And I assure you, soon as e'er  
 I'm let into this dark Affair,  
 I shall not scruple to declare.  
 His saying this, he well foresaw,  
 Would her into a Puzzle draw;  
 And finding she was pos'd indeed,  
 But, Madam, quoth he, to proceed:  
 No more than I you seem to know  
 The Service you reflect on so,  
 And you, that did the same receive,  
 A less Account of it can give  
 Than I my self, if I am he  
 That did it, whatsoe'er it be.

Away, quoth she, with farther Quibble,  
 Teach other we're intelligible:  
 And since you've by Denial shown  
 The Service is too base to own,  
 I scarcely think it worth my Pain  
 The Matter farther to explain.

Quid multa, tale Servitium fuit, quod apud omnes antiquæ Virtutis viros tibi Famæ notam inurere valebit; cujusque, prout meruit, sempiternò memor ero. Sed satiùs esse credo nobis aliquid aliud confabulari.

*Dum Timantus reponere studuit, ipsa sermonem intercipiens: An fuit inauditum tibi, dixit, facinus cujusdam Viri nobilis, qui nuperrimè non infimæ sortis Fœminæ Clysterem immisit?*

*Etiam, inquit Timantus, (non paulùm perplexus Interrogatione tam inopinatâ) audiivi tantùm, at mihi quidem non hercè verisimile est.*

Aberras à proposito, *reposuit* Araminta, nam five verum five falsum sit, idem illud ipsum mihi videtur esse: attamen ad rogatum responde,

In short, it must so vile appear  
To all who Virtue's Laws revere,  
As on your Fame to fix a Blot;  
And ne'er by me shall be forgot.  
But if we change this trite Discourse,  
I deem it will not be the worse.

While he was studying a Reply,  
Thus *Araminta* put him by:  
Have you not heard, quoth she, the Prank  
Play'd by a Spark of noble Rank,  
Who with a *Clyster* serv'd a Dame  
Of no inferior Sort or Fame?

Yes, Madam, quoth he (somewhat shock'd,  
The Question coming so unlook'd)  
I've heard on't, but it seem'd to be  
Not very probable to me.

You wander from the Purpose wide,  
His fair Antagonist reply'd;  
If true or false, it don't affect,  
But answer me to this direct.

IF

Si tu istius vice functus esses, quid consilii capere voluisses?

*Tum Timantus, quoniam illic non adsui, ad-  
amissim exprimere non possum quid illic transsegis-  
sem, perinde ac si interfuissem; neque pulchrâ cal-  
leo quale ingenium gerere mihi placuisset.*

Age, inquit Araminta, sed uti nunc inclinat  
mens, quid agendum putas, si quicquid tale jam  
jam accideret?

*Rem ipsam monstra mihi, Domina, reposuit ille,  
tibi que ostendam quid fecisse vellem; nam in alias  
deducti sumus cogitationes, quando Species rerum  
objectarum ante oculos versantur; aliter judica-  
mus, cum Imaginationes tantum animis contemple-  
mur.*

Si nescis quid egisse voluisses,

If you were in that Person's Stead,  
Inform me, how would you proceed?

*Timante* then; as 'twan't my Lot  
To be there present on the Spot,  
I can't so nicely how declare  
I should have acted, if I were;  
Nor know I, so as to depend on't,  
What Humour would have had th' Ascendant.

Pish, quoth the Fair, but put the Case  
As happ'ning at this Time and Place;  
How think you, in your present Mind,  
Should you be to behave inclin'd?

Shew me the *Thing itself*, cry'd he,  
And what I'd do you'll quickly see:  
For other Thoughts within us rise  
When Objects are before our Eyes,  
Than when Imagination brings  
Ideas only of the Things.

Then since, cry'd *Araminta*, you  
Are ign'rant what your self would do,

Inform

dic fodes, inquit Araminta, quid agendum ab altero putas?

*Id, aiebat ille, summam affert rei difficultatem; nam, Domina, si mihi non constitit quid ipse ego met agerem, quo pacto me divinare credis quid alter à seipso peragendum voluisset?*

[ Non te rogo, (dixit formosissima Araminta, perulisper exardens) quid tute ipse constituisses, aut quid alter (si Casus tam fortuitus acciderit) absolvere voluisset, sed quid à te, vel ab altero factum oportuerat?

*Domina mihi sic videtur, inquit ille, (ut quid sentiam non reticeam) venerationem formosæ hujus Mulieris Clunibus debitam Contumeliâ illum affecisse, si coram illis se tam superstitiosum gessisset, vel si receptui cecinisset præ metu ne Podex suppunderet,*

Inform me, if you'll be so good,  
What you opine another wou'd?

Madam, quoth he, too hard indeed  
That Chapter is for me to read,  
For if it don't appear to me  
What Conduct I'd my self decree,  
How think you then I can divine  
To what another would incline?

I ask you not (reply'd the Fair,  
A little angry, as it were)  
What you, or what another would do,  
But (in such Case) what either should do?

Madam, quoth he (without Offence  
If I may speak my honest Sense)  
A Lady'd count it a Disgrace  
And high Dishonour to her Face,  
Should one an equal Rev'rence show  
Behind her Back to what's below:  
Or should he modestly withdraw  
For Fear of shaming what he saw,

'Twould



*pro deridiculo videretur, effæminatûmque tam præsentis Animi, quàm Urbanitatis defectum indicaverat. Nimiis non opus est Cæremoniis, Domina, dum occupati sumus circiter ea loca, & utrique sexui periisse mihi videretur ille, qui cum in tam notabilem insperatâque obvenisset occasionem, oculos cogeret. Non quin concedere potuissem Domina, quæ tam negligenter deprehensa fuisset, perleviter commoveri & conturbari, nec illam pergraviter reprehendere in animo haberem, si virum, qui suæ salutis tam officiosè incubuisset, arrogantem vel balluinum appellâisset. Attamen, Domina, ut apertè tibi fabular, Fæmina, quæ satis rem suam intelligit, & ut sunt Mundi mores sapit, nunquam de re tam nullius momenti maximas Turbas daret: sed sponte sua potius Jocationem agitaret, ne ab aliis fieret. Quorsum procreantur Homines, nisi quod Fæminis utiles esse possint?*

Et

'Twould subject him to Ridicule,  
 As quite unmanly and a Fool.  
 For when we're doing Bus'ness *there*,  
 All Ceremonies needless are,  
 And either Sex should him disclaim,  
 As a mere *Thing*, without a Name,  
 Who should so blest Occasion flight,  
 And bar his Eyes the glorious Sight.  
 Not but I could allow the Fair,  
 Surpriz'd so negligent and bare,  
 To shew a little vex'd and mov'd,  
 Nor is she much to be reprov'd,  
 If she th'officious Man pursu'd  
 With Names of impudent and rude.  
 But, Madam, (be so good t'excuse  
 The honest Freedom that I use)  
 She that herself entirely knows,  
 And how the World in Manners goes,  
 Would never rave and make a Rout,  
 So trivial an Affair about;  
 But rather start herself the Joke,  
 Lest it be done by other Folk.  
 For what did Nature Men intend,  
 But that they Women should befriend;

No

*Et si sua præsent Officia, nihil refert qualis sit occasio. Ah! Domina, Pars illa delicata est & mollis: Quis scit, quin Aeris præ frigore intemperies, momento temporis vitæ suæ periculum injecisset? Clysterisque virtus omnino evanuisset, si mora ulla plus justo frigidiorum illum reddiderat. Etiam tibi liceat animadvertere, ut quamprimum opus suum peregisset, non minus clanculum discessit. Obsecro te cujus Criminis jam totum hoc quantumcunque est arguendum esse arbitraris? nisi tu virum propter Humanitatem tantum condemnare velis; vel ob Prudentiam, ut qui oblatam tenebat occasionem, dum Dominae tam decoræ inserviret? Hæc mea sententia est, Domina, & quod effecissem si vicem illius belli Hominis implevissem; & quod ab altero faciendum censeo, si tam bellissimam nactus esset opportunitatem.*

*Hæc disceptatio multum admodum Aramintæ pudoris incussit,*

*quem*

No Matter then on what Occasion  
 They answer th' End of their Creation.  
 Ah! Madam, nice that Part's and tender,  
 The Lady'd nought from Cold to 'fend her,  
 A Moment's Time, for ought one knows,  
 Her Life to Danger might expose :  
 The Clyster too would cool by Stay,  
 And so its Virtue die away.  
 Mark too, that soon as serv'd the Dame,  
 He went as secret as he came.  
 Pray, then, in all this Act of his,  
 What judge you has he done amiss?  
 Unless he's criminal you find  
 For being thus humane and kind,  
 Or for his Prudence, not to slip  
 The Time to serve her Ladyship?  
 This, Madam, is my Sense sincere,  
 And such the very Course I'd steer,  
 If plac'd as that Gallant I were;  
 And so I think another ought,  
 Had Chance the kind Occasion brought.

At this Discourse a blushing Grace  
 O'erspread fair *Araminta's* Face,

D

Which .

*quem non paucis levioribus artificiis, acies oculorum sæpius avertendo, vel aliis astutiis, satis calidè pro facultatibus, ab Timanto celavit. Et cum finem dicendi fecisset, Eja, inquit illa, Istud si tibi persuasum habes, sic habeto; attamen tibi confirmare possum, quod seorsum abs te sentit ipsa, cui permultùm interest Historia; fastidit hominem; cùmque sibi prorsus innotuit te unum in toto terrarum orbe ex animo Amicum esse suum; Hoc mihi in mandatis dedit, ne vultum ipsius posthac aspicias, atque ubicunque visa fuerit, ut absis illinc; idque ut erat imperatum, abhorrer te, quod multò tibi satius erit sponte tuâ rem mandatam exequi, quam vi cogi.*

*Hæc comminatio nihil est quod me terreat (inquit Timantus) sed, tui ergò, tibi me dedo; sub ea conditione tamen, ut quænam sit hæc Fœmina omnium speciosissima mihi dicere clariùs digneris. Destituit me, Domina, divinandi facultas: Illam igitur tam mihi penitus ignotam quo pacto devitare possum?*

Which she with pretty Artifice,  
As distant Glances of her Eyes,  
And other Shifts as crafty, try'd  
From Notice of the Spark to hide.  
And when he'd done, 'tis well, quoth she,  
If that's your Mind, so let it be ;  
But she whom this Affair does touch,  
I'm certain, differs from you much ;  
She loaths the Man, and since she knew  
His dearest Friend on Earth are you ;  
Enjoin'd me strictly, that you ne'er  
To see her Face hereafter dare ;  
And if by Chance you light upon her,  
It is her Will, you straitway shun her ;  
And that you do so I perswade,  
Or by Compulsion you'll be made.

This Threat, he cry'd, me ne'er can shake,  
Yet I submit me for your Sake ;  
Upon this same Condition tho',  
That who's this Fair you let me know.  
The Gift I have not to divine,  
How can I then th' unknown decline ?

*Prout à te statutum est, neque ullam unquam post-  
hac formosam Fæminam mihi licebit intueri, præ  
metu ne foret ipsa eadem excellentissima Domina,  
cujus à conspectu interdictus sum. Non, non sic  
Domina, nimid plus bonitatis ac moderationis in te  
situm esse certus sum, quam ut aliquid tam tetricum  
aut iniquum à me postules.*

*Si totius Sexus abdicatio felicitate singularis tuæ  
gratiæ, jucundissimæque consuetudine fruendi loco  
tibi satis esset commutationis, ultrò fidem meam ob-  
stringam, nunquam ullius cujusvis Mulieris faciem  
præterquam tui ipsius me visurum, atque omne id  
deputabo esse in lucro, si tot quot reperiri possint  
Venustates in universali muliebri specie diffusas de-  
relinquere cogar, pro concursu harum omnium in  
una eadèmq; tua Persona.*

*Id requiris quod minimè concedendum est, (in-  
quit Araminta) læsa nāmque Domina atque ego,  
tam unius Animæ participes sumus, ut aliquid im-  
possibile aggrediretur qui uni placuisse studeret, ali-  
quid faciendo, quicquid id erit, quod alteri dis-  
plicere contigerit.*

Quam-



By this odd Law impos'd by you,  
 I ne'er must pretty Woman view,  
 For fear that she should prove the same,  
 The very interdicted Dame.  
 No, surely, Madam, you're more good,  
 With more Humanity endu'd,  
 Than to require a Thing of me  
 So hard and void of Equity.

If quitting all the Sex would do,  
 T'obtain your single Grace in lieu,  
 And give me to converse with you,  
 I readily oblig'd would be  
 No other Woman's Face to see,  
 And count it Gain when I resign'd  
 The scatter'd Charms of Womankind,  
 For all those Charms in you combin'd.

You ask, cry'd *Araminta*, more  
 Than we can grant on any Score;  
 For 'twixt th' offended Dame and me  
 There's such a perfect Unity,  
 That nought in Life can either please  
 That proves to t'other a Disease.

Quamobrem obnixè te flagito, ut nunquam ad me salutandum venias, nec posthac meipsam alloqui ausus sis, usque ad supremum vitæ terminum.

*Hoc inhumanum ac barbarum est (inquit Timantus paululùm commotus, virum tam temerè tamque crudeli pœnâ multari, ob delictum quod nunquam admiserat, Dominæque causa de qua nunquam malè meritis fuerat. Dic illi nihil esse plus injustum; Etiam ———*

Satis, jam satis supérque de hac re (inquit Araminta) nisi memoratu dignior esset. Nimiò plus fecisti quàm tu iniquam vocas, non fugit quisnam istius facinoris author erat. Nihil interest singula narrare; rem rectiùs tenere potes, etiamsi à nobis nullum indicium haberes. Restat mihi Amicæ meæ fideliter inservienti, ut te consulam tibi esse diligentissimè Linguam continendam, ne moderandi modos imperare cogatur :

Modos,

To me your Visits then forbear,  
Nor e'en by Word t' address me dare,  
So long as you draw vital Air.

}

With some Concern, he cry'd alas!  
You rash and barb'rous Sentence pass;  
So cruelly to punish one  
For what by him was never done,  
And all this for a Lady too,  
He never harm'd, nor ever knew.  
Tell her, nought more unjust was e'er;  
And ———

}

——— We've enough of this Affair,  
Quoth she, unless more worthy 'twere.  
You've done what you'll not own, 'tis plain,  
And she whose Justice you arraign,  
Of Information has no Need,  
She knows the Author of the Deed.  
Particulars nor need I tell,  
You know the Thing without as well.  
It rests alone, that, for my Friend,  
I Silence to you recommend,  
Lest she, th' Injunction to enforce  
Should with you take another Course,

Modos, quos multis de causis, satis sibi cognitis adhuc omisit. Neque rem cogites evadere, claudendo te extra culpam esse. Contrarium tibi denuntio. Conspectus fuisti cum domo egressus sis: Aut si nemini visus fueras, quo pacto aliter censere potuisti, quin id quod à te tam palàm fuisset divulgatum, ad ipsam Dominam demùm permaneret? Age, age, (*inquit illa gemitum dāns*) delibera quid à te factum fuit. Idque perpendito, æternúmque valeto.

*Verbis his prolatis, proximum intrat cubiculum, atque in Conclavi seipsam conclusit.*

Timanto nunc otium erat sigillatim omnia quæ transacta fuerant recogitandā; cūque sibi constaret, aut totum id in lucem prolatum esse, vel confestim emanaturum; induxit animum, ut quicquid mali accidisset, totum id in melius verteret; nam Facetiis & Festivitate rem eludi, quàm se purgando vel pernegando maluit.

A Course sh'as hitherto thought fit,  
 For sundry Reasons to omit.  
 Nor think will serve the poor Evasion  
 Of crying out, false Accusation!  
 I say, the contrary 'tis clean,  
 You going out of Door was seen:  
 Or say, that on you none sat Eyes,  
 How could y' imagine otherwise,  
 Than what your self so public made  
 Would to the Lady's Ear pervade?  
 Come, come, (said she with heaving Sigh)  
 Think what you've done, what you deny,  
 And so adieu, eternally.  
 This said, she to next Room withdrew,  
 There closetted her self from View.

*Timant* had Leisure, now alone,  
 Each Passage to reflect upon;  
 And, on the whole, as he could see,  
 That all was known, or soon would be,  
 Resolv'd, whate'er had gone awry,  
 To set aright again he'd try;  
 So rather chose to make a Jest on't,  
 Than to deny the Thing when prest on't.

When

Cum paulisper quid ageret cogitaverat, offendens Atramentum & Papyrus supra Tabulam, tanquam ut voluisset, accommodatum, mandavit Literis cogitationes suas, ibidemque relinquit, tam propè Peristromata, tamque palam & ante oculos omnium, ut siqui Cubiculum ingrederentur, impossibile fuisset quin viderent, & sic discessit; sibi credens, minimè dubium fore, quin ad manum, quam designaverat, obviam esset; & quod quamprimum egressus fuerat, Araminta è Conclavi suo rursùs in Cubiculum emergeret. Vix ostii limen reliquerat, quin id ipsum attingeret Neophila, festiva Puella, ex intimis Timanto admodùm familiaribus una. Quod primum oculis accepit, erant Literæ à Timanto scriptæ, quas cum interceptisset, extemplò perlegere non dubitavit, (nam satis certum est, quòd hæc tam jocosæ Puellæ quicquid ad libitum agendi jus peculiare sibiipsis vendicent.) Hoc scriptum tam immoderatè Neophilæ risum concitaverat, atque ita repente erupit,

When he had thought upon a little  
 The Handling an Affair so brittle,  
 Finding upon the Table there  
 Paper and Ink, so pat as 'twere,  
 His Thoughts t'a Letter he consign'd,  
 And 'gainst the Hangings left reclin'd,  
 So fronting, and in such a Light,  
 No Comer-in could chuse but spy't ;  
 And then departed clear of Doubt  
 The proper Party'd find it out,  
 When on his quitting of the Room  
 She'd thither from her Closer come.  
 But scarcely gone from thence was he,  
 When in there came *Neophile*,  
 (A Lafs of Humour brisk, and janty,  
 And well acquainted with *Timante*)  
 First Thing whereby her Eyes were smitten,  
 The Letter was that he had written,  
 Which taking eagerly in Hand,  
 To read it through she made no Stand;  
 (For all such Mad-caps hold it still  
 Their Right to do just what they will.)  
*Neophile*, when read the Joke,  
 Into so loud a Laughter broke,

As



*ut profusa cæbinnatio Aramintam è Conclavi deduceret, utque quid actum fuit intelligeret: Et eò factum est, ut quàm iterùm Neophila perlegeret, magis magisque cæbinnum tolleret.*

Amabò, quid tibi in mentem venit? (inquit Araminta.)

*Omninò nihil, solummodò Papyrus supra Tabulam hìc inveni (subjicit Neophila) cujus, ut opinor, tu rationem probabilem reddere potis es, si tibi non molestè fuerit.*

Minimè verò, si in eo salus mea verteretur (*re-plicat Araminta*) Ego nunquàm ædepol illud his oculis vidi.

*Age, age, (inquit Neophila, limis subridens oculis) absit dissimulatio, communia cùm oporteat esse Amicorum inter se omnia. Verissimum est, Nomen Aramintæ huic Papyro non inscriptum esse, attamen planissimè patet quòd Fabula de te narretur; si possis, inficias eas.*

*Dic,*

The SURPRISE.

61

As brought fair *Araminta* out,  
To see who 'twas, and what about:  
On which *Neophile* once more  
The Mirth-exciting Script read o'er,  
And was as merry as before.

}

Prythee, what's come into your Head?  
(The serious *Araminta* said.)

Only this Paper that you see,  
(Reply'd the brisk *Neophile*)  
Which here I found upon the Table;  
You're, I suppose, t' account for't able.

No, on my Life, the other cries,  
I ne'er beheld it with these Eyes.

*Neophile*, with roguish Smile,  
Cries, get you gone, forbear your Guile:  
Among true Friends, I've ever thought,  
No Secrets to reserve we ought.  
'Tis true, your Name's not written here;  
But plainly in the Tale y' appear,  
Deny the Matter howsoe'er.

}

Come,

## 62 NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

*Dic, dic, amabò, cur simulas id tacitum tanquàm mysterium à me tenere, quòd totus terrarum orbis jurejurando firmare præstò aderit. Hoc oris Aramintæ colorem mutaverat, quanquam Neophilæ, multò magis quam alteri, quid vellet loqui sibi libitum esse deputabat: Attamen iterùm ac sæpiùs etiam asseverare non dubitavit, seipsam de isto Papyro penitùs nescire, cùm nec illud perlegisset, neque unquàm antea sibi visum esset. Tunc sanè inquit Neophila, æquum est valdè ut perlegeres: Illic est. Legitque Araminta prout sequitur.*

---

## PHARMACOPOLA

Formosæ Suæ

## ÆGROTANTI.

*Domina,*

**E**X Sermonibus vestris circà Clysterem, te nolle animadverto mihi totum id indicare quòd tibi satis constat ;

ita

The S U R P R I Z E

Come, come, ne'er seek from me to hide  
What all the World can swear beside.

Fair *Aramint* at this displays  
A flushing Colour o'er her Face;  
Tho' she with none could make so free  
Beside, as with *Neophile*:  
But yet insisted on't as true,  
She nothing of the Paper knew,  
As what she'd neither read nor view'd;

Then 'tis but right that now you should,  
The other said, and to her gave it,  
Who read as you hereafter have it.

---

To his Fair PATIENT, barr'd from Sight,  
Her 'POTHECARY's forc'd to write.

M ADAM, it seems you, in your Talk  
About the *Clyster*, make a Baulk,  
And are unwilling to declare  
The whole you know of that Affair.

So

ita ut de cæteris intelligam, Dæmonem invocare coactus sum; Quod tui gratia haud ægrè fero; ut tibi molestias abstergam loquendi, quod mihi innotescere adhuc dubitasti. Sed posthac obsecro te, Domina, de Querelis & Contumeliis verbum nullum; quasi vel Benevolentia vel Observantia destitutus essem. Veruntamen jam Argumentum ingressus paululum me hæsitare confiteor, utrum ne malles ut ego te, sub umbra *Tertiæ Personæ* exciperem, prout tu me jamdudum excepisti; vel ut *Tertiam* aliquam *Personam* alloqui viderer, cum Teipsam reverà compellem. Ego certè *inter Amicos* sum sine fucis & fallaciis; meaque sententia est ut *Tecum* (*Larva exutus*) agam, non aliter quàm si *Ipse idem* fuisset, qui Officium, quod te non latet, singulare tibi præstitissem, & *Tute ipsa* eadem quæ idem passa fueris.

Immo

So if the rest I would descry,  
 To Magic for't I must apply ;  
 Yet, even That you'll find me do,  
 With Pleasure for obliging you ;  
 Since I shall ease you of the Pain  
 ( Which you'd avoid ) of speaking plain.  
 But after such a Test as this,  
 I beg you, not a Word amiss ;  
 As if in me were a Neglect  
 Or of Goodwill, or due Respect.  
 Yet entering on so nice Debate,  
 I must confess I hesitate,  
 Whether when you I entertain,  
 I should my self another feign,  
 As lately you behav'd with me,  
 Or more agreeable 'twould be,  
 In Shew t'address another Dame,  
 When you're that other, and the same.  
 As to my self, I ever chuse  
 Plain-Dealing with my Friends to use ;  
 And now I've put off all Disguise,  
 Shall act with you no otherwise,  
 Than if I verily were He  
 That did, you know what, Service 'rye,  
 And you so serv'd, the very She.

E

 }  
 Nay,

Immo, certè Domina, Hoc facti nuda Veritas est ;  
 & ipse ego me eundem fortunatum hominem pro-  
 fiteor, cui honori summo fuit Servitium illud tam  
 delicatissimæ Fœminei Corporis parti absolvere.  
 Servitium tùm tempestivum, tùm expectatum :  
 Servitium non sine omni Humanitate & Modest-  
 tia, tàm datum, quàm acceptum : Servitium dico,  
 flexis Genibus oblatum, neque minori Reveren-  
 tiâ, quàm Silentio, dono datum ; tàmque singulari  
 Moderatione gestum, ut quamvis tam innumeræ  
 omnium Venerum & Venustatum amœnitates astar-  
 rent ; quanquàm vis Appetitus urgeret, me tamen  
 solo insperati Contingentis beneficio beavisse ocu-  
 los. Nimis es justa, Domina, & plus justo sapis,  
 quàm ut Servitium in Flagitium rapias :



Nay, Madam, 'tis our Case exact,  
 And this the Truth is of the Fact;  
 For I that Mortal am confess,  
 Who was so honour'd, and so blest,  
 To render that same Service to  
 So delicate a Part of you.  
 A Service seas'nably effected,  
 And which that Instant was expected.  
 A Service done with such Address,  
 Receiv'd with Modesty no less;  
 Offer'd in Silence on the Knee,  
 Solemn as to a Deity;  
 Conducted with such gen'rous Care,  
 And Moderation singular,  
 That 'spite of ev'ry Charm and Grace,  
 Which look'd me wanton in the Face,  
 Tho' urg'd by craving Appetite,  
 I chose alone to bless my Sight,  
 With what the lucky Accident  
 So kindly to me did present.

Too wise and just, you, Madam, seem,  
 A Service as a Crime to deem;

& indubitatè totius Sexus prima, quæ quempiam unquam objurgaverit, qui tam magnum ad Pulchritudinem Momentum attulerat.

---

**H**ÆC Epistola, quamvis faceta satîs alii cuiquam fuerit, nequaquam Aramintam allicere potuit ut modicè subrideret. Totum quod dicebat languidè Neophilæ, tantùm fuit, illam ad Neophilam pertinere se credidisse, nec supra Tabulam, prout ipsa simulaverat, inventam; non quin minimè dubitaret, ex Argumento Timantum Authorem fuisse, tantummodò pigebat quodd sibi acciderat confiteri. Ex altera parte permansit in sententia Neophila, monstravitque Aramintæ Atramentum nondum etiam exsiccatum, scriptumque Papyrus, cum eo quod supra Tabulam fuit, unum & idem esse;

And first of all your Sex, no doubt,  
 That e'er with any one fell out,  
 For his discharging such a Duty  
 As serv'd t'improve her Charms and Beauty.

---

**T**HO' well enough this Letter might  
 In any other Mirth excite,  
 Yet *Araminta* prov'd the Joke  
 Could not a Smile from her provoke.  
 She only told *Neophile*,  
 In Semblance unconcern'd and free,  
 It must belong to her, who ne'er,  
 As she pretended, found it there;  
 Altho' the Subject was a Proof  
*Timante* wrote it, plain enough;  
 But then against the Grain it went  
 To own herself the *Patient* meant.  
*Neophile*, on t'other Side,  
 By her Opinion would abide,  
 And shew'd the Ink as yet not dry'd:  
 The written Paper too, all one  
 With what lay there not writ upon;

E 3

And

*instabátque factum usque aded, donec Araminta nihil aliud dicere potuit, quin idem esset sibi, an Epistola scripta fuerat ipsam suprà Tabulam, an Atramento suo super Papyrus suum exarata, tantisper dum sibi nunquam visa fuerat; nec cui designatam se novisse; aut quemquam unquam qui tale facinus perpetraverat illi innotuisse.*

*Neophila, cùm animadvertisset Aramintam ferè ad incitas redactam, Historiam pro certo credere non dubitabat, sed ut Amicæ misericordiam adhiberet, Colloquium interrupit; attamen ita negotium instituit, (nam insignis erat ejus expiscandi Ars) ut priusquam discessissent, rem totam haberet exploratam, & cum intimis illius consiliis seipsum consociaret. Et jam tempus erat Amicæ melancholicam,*

And on the Fact so hardly bore,  
 That *Araminta* said no more  
 Than that it was the same to her  
 If written on that Table 'twere,  
 Her Ink with, on her Paper there;  
 Since she ne'er of it had a View,  
 Nor whom it was design'd for knew;  
 Or Notion had of any one  
 Who such a Thing to her had done.

}

*Neophile*, when now she found  
 Her Friend was almost run o' Ground,  
 And that there was sufficient Proof  
 The History was true enough,  
 In mere Compassion now forbore  
 To press her farther on the Score;  
 Yet ne'ertheless so play'd her Part,  
 (Being Mistress of the fishing Art)  
 She got all from her ere she went,  
 And made herself her Confident.

And now it seem'd a Season good  
 Her Friend from melancholy Mood,

*quæ tam insociabilem ipsam reddiderat, argumentis oppugnare, atque in meliorem animi habitum disponere.*

*Amabò Araminta (inquit Neophila) omitte teipsam excruciare, de re tam abjecta tamque incerti detrimenti, ne aliis ludibrio sis: An non, tuo arbitrato, stultitiæ summæ esset, si quælibet Fæmina, cujus Partes posteriores revolutæ fuissent, adèd tam infestam se gereret? Nollem te, de mea sententia, neque id apertè confiteri, nec tam pertinaciter inficiari; sed potiùs partim jocò partim seriò modicè prætereundum esse judicarem.*

*Illam Araminta non malè præcepisse censuit, & biduò post accepit à Timanto (cui pro Religione fuit illam adire) sequentem hanc Epistolam.*

TIMAN-

Which had her so unsocial made,  
 By solid Reasons to dissuade,  
 And bring her Mind to better State  
 Than what she had disclos'd of late.

Pr'ythee, dear *Araminta*, cease,  
 Quoth she, your self so much to tease,  
 About so silly, light a Thing,  
 Least others' Sport you on you bring :  
 If ev'ry Woman fretted so,  
 That such a Sight should chance to show,  
 A goodly Time 'twould be, I trow !  
 Not that I should, if it were I,  
 Or plainly own, or flat deny,  
 But with a seeming careless Air,  
 'Twixt Jest and Earnest, as it were,  
 Should rather chuse to wave th' Affair.

Fair *Araminta* heard her this,  
 Nor thought her Counsel was amiss ;  
 And two Days after to the Dame  
 The following Epistle came  
 From her late banish'd Cavalier,  
 Who did not dare to go and see her.



# TIMANTUS

## CRUDELI

# ARAMINTÆ.

**I**Ncertum est mihi quid tibi videatur de Literis quas nudius tertius supra Tabulam reliqui; at crimen in te certè trahis, si Me non hominem facillimum humanissimùmque confitearis ob labores quos in me cepi. Principiò, Magicas Artes consulendo, ut id investigarem, quod tute ipsa velles me rescisere, nec tamen ausa fuëris indicare. Tum verò ut sponte meâ Crimen faterer quod minimè tu probavisse potueras: Atque totum hoc, ut mandatis tuis satisfacerem.

Novissimo tempore, cum fælicitate tui videndi fructus fuisset, valde te mihi propter *Curiositatem* meam succensuisse arbitrabar;

To ARAMINTA, *cruel Fair*,  
*This from exil'd TIMANTE bear.*

I Know not what your Thoughts may be  
 About the Letter left by me;  
 But surely you're to blame unless  
 Me much obliging you confess,  
 For all the Labour and the Pain  
 Which I for you have underta'en.  
 First I to Magic Art must go,  
 To find what fain you'd have me know,  
 Yet dare not of your self to show.  
 And then, that I should guilty own me  
 Of what you ne'er could prove upon me:  
 And all this to be done because  
 Your high Commands to me are Laws.

When last I was admitted to  
 The Happiness of seeing you,  
 Your Anger seem'd at me to rise  
 Because I had indulg'd my Eyes;

But

attamen nunc Consolationis tuæ gratiâ, haud tibi negandum est, *Amoris Deum* non paululum de me supplicii tui gratiâ sumere. Ut nihil reticeam, nec meliore nec deteriore conditione fruor, quàm si de sanitate ac mente deturbatus, ob quandam Fœminam quæ intra quadraginta octo horas mihi, ne faciem ipsius unquam posthac viderem, interdixit. Si tu hæc ipsa Mulier sis, non mei muneris est, ut istud tibi suggerem; sed è contrario, experiundum est mihi, ut id ex animo tuo defluat. Indefinenter enim ago, ut omnes vias persequar, quibus me tuam redigam in gratiam, & ut tibi amorem meum conciliarem, utque pergratum id tibi pèrque jucundum sit: Tum verò sic opinor, si tuæ dignitatis Fœmina deplorati Pharmacopolæ petitioni indulgeret, quàm longè id præter æquum & bonum esset.

Attamen

But,  
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A 'P

But, as a Comfort to your Pride,  
By me 'tis not to be deny'd,  
The *God of Love* does, for your Sake,  
Upon me ample Vengeance take.

And that I may the whole confess,  
Nor better is nor worse my Case,  
Than that I quite distracted am,  
And for a certain beauteous Dame,  
Who, in this forty eight Hours Space,  
Forbad me e'er to see her Face.

Now, if you are that very She,  
To mind you on't is not for me;  
But rather I myself should set  
On making you the thing forget.

No Ways or Means untry'd I leave,  
Your late lost Favour to retrieve,  
And so far win you to my Love,  
That you the Passion may approve:  
But then, me-thinks, it Shame would be  
For one of your sublime Degree,  
So much beneath you to descend,  
A 'Pothecary's Suit t'attend.

Yet,

Attamen, *Domina*, si singula pensare dignareris, ipse ego Pharmacopola sum qui *Ægrotantes* suas eligit, quique solum *Mulieribus* ob formas insignioribus suppeditat. Id quod certius constat, ipsa eadem *Araminta*, cui nec formæ, nec pudicitia, par, indubitata Testis erit. Jamque, O *Dii immortales*! ubinam gentium est ille ipse tam nobili Genere natus, qui non mea vice Pharmacopolæ locum ambiret? Interim, *Domina*, me pro amicitia, confirma, quo statu apud te sim, & ad quæ tempora te videre licitum erit fac me certiozem. Tunc demum prostratum ad pedes jacere videbis fidelissimum amantissimumque omnium *Mortalium* qui te peculiari colunt Adoratione

TIMANTUM.

---

**L** Udendi genus hoc affatim *Aramintæ*, satisfecit, paulatimque *Timantum* apud *Dominam* longè aliâ conditione esse commendaverat; quæ ut minimè prætereundum est, *Christianæ* nimis charitati addicta fuit,

Yer, Madam, putting all together,  
 I'm not so despicable neither;  
 For I'm an *Opifer*, who still  
 Elect my Patients at my Will,  
 And only do th' assisting Duty  
 To Dames of Honour, for their Beauty:  
 As *Aramint* can Witness bear,  
 That chaste incomparable Fair.  
 And where's the Man, how great soe'er he,  
 Would not be such a 'Potheccary?

For Goodness Sake then, Madam, shew  
 The present State I'm in with you,  
 And when your Face I may review.  
 Then shall you prostrate see before ye  
 That Mortal whose extremest Glory  
 Is still to love you and adore ye.

---

**P**roceeding thus, by Way of Joke,  
 Full-well with *Araminta* took,  
 And by Degrees on better Foot  
*Timante* with his Mistress put;  
 Who, we're to tell you by the by,  
 Had much more Christian Charity,

Than

*ut contra quemquam Facetiis fluentem, lepidisque Moribus imbutum, malitiam ex corde diu exerce-  
ret. Attamen ut ad hanc, vel ad aliquam aliam  
adventuram Epistolam rescriberet, penitus erat aver-  
sata, donec totum id quod præterierat effluxisset,  
ne memoriam fabulæ refricaret.*

*Cæterum hoc Timanto haud satis erat ut con-  
tentus esset; id enim agebat, ut amoris sui ardorem  
Aramintæ inculcaret, manifestèque ostenderet, stu-  
dium illud nullis difficultatibus affici potuisse. Ita,  
utrùm rescriberet, vel negligeret, hoc erat in animo  
iterum iterumque illam scriptis suis adire, quamvis  
in incertum; quod paulo post fecit in hæc verba.*

## T I M A N T U S

Formosæ atq; obmutescenti

## A R A M I N T Æ.

**Q**UID? quasi mutâ files? Canémve me pu-  
tas indignum pabulo? omnino nunquam  
licebit iterum *Aramintam* videre? nec ab  
illa quidem vel saltem Literas expectare?

decies



Than long to hold an angry Fit  
Against a sprightly Man of Wit.  
Yet on no Terms would answer this,  
Nor any Letter else of his,  
'Till Time should over all prevail,  
For Fear it might revive the Tale.

*Timante* not contented so,  
Would let fair *Araminta* know,  
The mighty Ardour of his Love  
Was all Discouragement above:  
And so resolv'd, that should she deign  
To answer him, or should refrain,  
He'd keep on writing, at a Venture;  
Nor was it long ere this he sent her.

---

*To silent ARAMINT impart  
The Language of TIMANTE's Heart.*

WHAT? mute indeed? or can't y'afford  
To an old Friend a single Word?  
Must I ne'er see that Face again,  
Nor hope one Line to ease my Pain?

decies mille Rheumatum Chiragrarumque laceſſant  
 Oculos Digitosque omnes omnium qui rem tam  
 moleſtam & odioſam agitaverunt. Et totum hoc  
 quantumcunque eſt, quamobrem? quoniam ocu-  
 latus eram; Deliciasque illas perluſtraveram, quas  
 tute ipſa denudaveras: Id ipſumque egeram quod  
 tute ipſa mandaveras, & expectabas, quamvis (ut  
 patet) factum fuit vetita manu. Quid putas? non-  
 ne hæc Exilii cauſa eſt probatiſſima? Exquiſita  
 bene ſanè ratio miſerrimum omnium Mancipium,  
 qui te tam perditè amat, exitio dandi. Amabò  
 læſam permiſſe partem ipſam litem ſuam facere,  
 neque Tu tam queribunda ſis à parte ſuperiore, ob  
 id quod parti inferiori adeò ſalutiſerum oblatum  
 fuit.

Cæterum

Ten thousand Rheums and Gouts befall  
The Eyes and Fingers of 'em all,  
Who such a Mischief rais'd upon me,  
And have with you, alas! undone me.  
And, pray, for what is all this Noise?  
Only, forsooth, because I'd Eyes;  
And those delicious Charms beheld,  
Which you your self to Sight reveal'd:  
And 'cause I did the Thing effect  
That you had will'd, and did expect;  
But then, we're giv'n to understand,  
'Twas done by an improper Hand.  
Now, Madam, don't you think the while,  
This special Cause for my Exile?  
A Reason exquisite, indeed,  
For you so sharply to proceed,  
And ruine thus your wretched Servant,  
Who loves you with a Flame so fervent.  
Let th' *injur'd Part*, for Goodness Sake,  
The Controversy undertake,  
Nor you *above* so angry show,  
For Benefit receiv'd *below*.

Cæterum hoc solum est quod capio commodi qui tam benevolus fui. Age, age, perge, si placet, meque ut reverà officio Pharmacopolæ fungar perpellito. Me formosis hiantibusque Emptoribus non cariturum esse, haud dubium est, cum inter omnes constaverit, me primum Periculum fecisse, & quid in te potis eram tentasse. Ne me provoces, sed facilis esto, nec nimis serò sapito. Nam siquando in universali meâ praxi par spectaculum offendam quod tute ipsa mihi præbuisi, non dubium erit quin à te deficiam. Et usque eò expectandum est tibi, ut te meis Literis persequar; sed si semel defecerim, in æternum valeto.

**F***estivitatem hanc haud ab re duxit Araminta; attamen sibi deliberatum & constitutum fuit, minimè aliquid rescribere: Quod Timanto ultimæ hujus Epistolæ necessitatem imposuit.*

TIMAN-

But this is all the Recompence  
 I get for my Benevolence.  
 'Tis well; and, if you please, proceed,  
 I'll turn Apothecary indeed.  
 Of Customers among the Fair  
 No Doubt but I shall have my Share,  
 When it shall publickly be known  
 My first Attempt on you was shown.  
 Then don't provoke me, but be kind,  
 Left Wisdom come too late you find.  
 For, if I in my Practice light  
 On one to yours an equal Sight,  
 You'll surely lose a Lover by't:  
 'Till when, you may expect that I  
 You constant with my Letters ply,  
 But, — if I once desert — good b'w'ye.

---

**T**HIS Banter was thought *à propos*  
 By her whom 'twas directed to;  
 Yet kept she to her Purpose tight,  
 That she'd not any Answer write:  
 Which drove *Timante* thus agen  
 To seek Assistance from his Pen.

# T I M A N T U S

## *Aramintæ Formosæ;*

Ubiubi erit

### G E N T I U M.

**Q**Uanquam vehementer me commotum reddidisti, tamen ad Misericordiam tam pronus sum ut hanc tibi culpam remittere potuerim si reverà vitâ defuncta sis; sin aliter contigerit tibi *vivere* atque *valere*, meritò me indeprecabilem invenies. Quid tandem est, cur cœlum ac terras misceas propter *Clysterem*? Perinde ac si totius tui Corporis Machinæ pulverem Tormentarium subjecissem. Siccine se res habet? ut *Tu* nunquam iterum mihi visenda sis, quia vidi *Id*, quod minime omnium me viderat, meique penitus inscium est, nec aliquid unquam de me graviter tulerat, neque vero quicquam omnino usquam à me accepisset, nisi quod, ut Ancillæ munereri Vicarius, præstitissem? Non fuit causa cur te tantum excruciares propter id quod à *parte inferiore* transactum fuit,

TO ARAMINTA, *wherefoe'er,*

*The Object of TIMANTE's Care.*

**T**HO' you have play'd a cruel Part,  
 And made me angry from my Heart,  
 Yet I'm so by Good-nature led,  
 I could forgive you, were you dead;  
 But if alive, and well's your State,  
 I doubt you'll find me obstinate.  
 About a *Clyster* all this Fuss!  
 As tho' it were a *Blunderbuss*.  
 And *you* again ne'er must I see,  
 Because I saw *what* could not me,  
 And of me quite unknowing is,  
 Nor e'er took of me aught amiss,  
 Nor any Dealing ever had  
 With me, at all, or good or bad;  
 Save only That, when as I play'd  
 The Part of your own Chamber-Maid?  
 You should not thus afflict your Heart  
 For what concerns a *lower Part*;



aut cur tua ipſius iracundia te tantum permoveret, ut idem in ore excandefaceres, quod tam refrigeratum, tamque ſalutare in ventre ſe præbuiſſet. Aliquid forſan amplius quod te latet dicere potuiſſem, de re quadam cujus teſtis oculatus eram, & ab iſta de te pœnas capere, ſi ſic mihi velle libitum fuerit. At at *ſatis*.

Si certè ſis *deſiderata*, penitus obſcurum eſt mihi, cur aliquid huiusmodi tantoperè te commoveret; ſin *ſuperſtes*, apageſis cum iſtis tuis mandatis, meipſumque ut vivam finito; cum certò certius ſit, vel tuam *Benignitatem*, vel *Crudelitatem*, aut *Vitam*, aut *Mortem futuram eſſe*

TIMANTI.

**H**Æ *Literæ nullâ meliori fortunâ apud Aramintam quàm priores expertæ ſunt, citòque nimis Timantus intellexit id genus ſcripturæ negotium ſuum nullo modo prorsus promovere;*

And much I think you merit Blame  
 Your self with Passion to inflame,  
 And in your *Mouth* make That to boil  
 Which *elsewhere* was so cool erewhile.  
 I could say more than you're aware  
 About another nice Affair,  
 As Witness of it ocular,  
 And even with you so become,  
 If I revengeful were ——— but *Mum*.

}

If really you departed be,  
 'Tis quite a Mystery to me,  
 Why such a trifling Matter shou'd  
 Thus put you into angry Mood;  
 But if you're this Side of the Grave,  
 Your strict Injunction, pr'ythee, wave,  
 And Life likewise permit your Slave;  
 Since he for Life or Death must wait  
 Or on your Favour, or your Hate.

}

---

**T**HIS Letter had Success no more  
 Than those which had been sent before;  
 And very soon *Timante* found  
 His Writing gain'd but little Ground;

So

ut omnino nihil sibi reliatum esset si non aliam aggre-  
deretur viam, quam suam Amasiam (quam plus plusque  
indies dilexit) se redigeret in gratiam. Neque ul-  
lam sibi commodiorem rationem judicavit, quam ut  
Neophilam sibi devinceret (quod proximum ejus opus  
erat) praesertim quum cognovisset, illam quodcunque  
voluit apud Aramintam potuisse. Cui quid fieri ve-  
lit cum ostendisset, illa probe promisit se omnia factu-  
ram, quantosque processus efficiebat jam intelligetis.

Tempore constituto, cum Araminta, se visura, ad-  
ventare deliberasset, Timantum prius ad domum re-  
ceperat; & illico ipsum, ut sermones interpositos  
audiret, post Peristromata locaverat.

Araminta, inquit illa, gratiam necessum est ut  
mihi facias,

So nought remain'd for him to do,  
 But other Measures to pursue;  
 The Fair-one's Favour to recover;  
 (For he grew more and more her Lover)  
 So judg'd it well would serve his End,  
 To make *Neophile* his Friend;  
 (Which he was next to set about)  
 Because he had no Room to doubt,  
 But she had Weight enough to bring  
 His Mistress into any Thing.  
 So, when he told her what he'd have,  
 She Promise of Assistance gave;  
 And how she made her Promise good,  
 Will quickly thus be understood.

Upon a certain Time, when she  
 Expected *Aramint* to see,  
 She got *Timante* to her Home,  
 Before her Visitor was come,  
 And him behind the *Arras* plac'd,  
 To hear what Talk between 'em pass'd.

Dear *Araminta*, she begun,  
 I'm to request of you a Boon;

But,

& immediatè mihi fidem dabis minimè te denegaturam.

*Araminta fidem dextrâ sancivit, id futurum; & extemplò Neophila Timantum offerebat, ut ipsius veniam obsecraret; implorâtque ipsam, quòd in posterum bonorem illi seipsam invisendi, prout antea, concedere vellet. Magis te, Domina, quàm oculos amo meos, inquit Neophila, & in Consuetudinem te dedisse tam alacris tamque ingenui viri, neque te, neque me unquam pœnitebit.*

*Huic Neophilæ intercessioni, Timantus genibus pronis supplex, animo demisso atque humili, modestoque vultu, quod potuit verbis consequi, succinebat.*

*Paulò plus temporis erat priusquam, ob inopinatum hunc adventum, Araminta potestatem in seipsam habuit ut ad se rediret;*

But, of your Friendship as a Trial,  
Before-hand promise no Denial.

Said *Aramint*, I pledge my Hand t'ye,  
Then t'other strait produc'd *Timante*,  
For Pardon, who began t'implore  
That he might visit as before.

Dear Madam, whom I truly prize  
In Dearness equal to my Eyes,  
The friendly Mediatrix cries,  
If you to Grace again admit  
A Man of such a sprightly Wit,  
We neither shall repent of it.

As thus had spoke *Neophile*,  
*Timante* falls upon the Knee,  
And, with a Look of low Submission,  
Prepares to second her Petition.

But somewhat longer 'twas before  
The blushing *Aramint* had Pow'r  
To recollect her from the Flutter  
Wherein this odd Adventure put her;

And

*ac jam tum replicatura, iterum muta facta, ne Aspectum quidem Timanti sustinere potuit, cum aliam sui corporis partem, nimis ipsi innotuisse recogitaret: Dúmque in has cogitationes diducta fuit, aliquandiu stabat defixis oculis, neque verbum ullum interposuit. Attamen ulterius habitâ ratione, fixum sibi fuit nimis timidas istas ineptias missas facere, & aliquid Timanto dicere, qui toto hoc tempore genibus provolutus erat, in spem dum sibi Responsum redderetur.*

Timante (*inquit illa*) amica summa mea est *Neophila*, & illius gratiâ, non molestè fero totum id quod præteritum est condonare; nam fieri non potest ut odio habeam quicquid ipsa, quodcunque fuerit, in clientelam receperit. Quamobrem quod semel dixi, *Timante*, deinceps tibi confirmo, quòd quæ facta sunt, quasi non transacta fuissent, omninò nunquam recordabor.



And now just going to reply,  
 Her Shame return'd, and put her by;  
 Nor let her look him in the *Face*,  
 Who'd seen of her another *Place* :  
 And as on that the Fair-one mus'd,  
 With down-cast Eyes she stood confus'd,  
 Nor for a while a Word produc'd.  
 At length, upon a second Thought,  
 She was to Resolution brought,  
 Those silly Fears to throw away,  
 And something to *Timante* say,  
 Who all the Time on bended Knee  
 Awaited what she would decree.

Said she, *Timante*, let me tell you,  
*Neophile's* a Friend I value,  
 And for her Sake I am content  
 What's past no longer to resent ;  
 For I can never hate whate'er  
 Is under her protecting Care,  
 And therefore promise you again,  
 What's done to wipe from Mem'ry clean,  
 As tho' the Thing had never been.

Cæterùm ex altera parte necesse est ut te adjurem, minimè me posthac te visurum; & hanc, certa sum, non respues conditionem, saltem si verum est, quod maximè tibi cordi sit, ut meam redintegrare gratiam, aut si mei Tranquillitati animi, æquè ac Famæ consulere velles; nunquam enim mihi possibile videtur tui vultum sine pudore, atque molestia sustinere. Eâ lege ignosco tibi id quod mihi, non te dignum, fecisti; quantumque meis jussis morem gerendi studiosus fueris, restabit mihi judicandum.

*Ab! Domina, inquit Timantus, vellēsne ut impossibilia astrictâ fide aggrediar? Si me velis ut Amorem meum per Amoris incuriam demonstrarem, mihi nihil interest utrum uno eodémque momento amare & non amare interdiceres.*

*Amoris ipsa anima est Objectus amati ante oculos obversatio: Illâ remotâ, vice Consolationis, Amor ipse Morbus est.*

But then, I strictly must enjoin,  
 That future Visits you decline;  
 And sure you can't the Terms refuse,  
 At least, if you my Friendship chuse,  
 Or any Tenderneſs would ſhew  
 For my Repoſe and Honour too;  
 For I perceive I ne'er again  
 Can look upon you, but with Pain.  
 On ſuch Condition, Sir, it is,  
 I pardon what you've done amiſs:  
 And what Regard you have for me,  
 By your Obſervance I ſhall ſee.

Ah! Madam, ſaid he, then muſt I  
 Engage Impoſſibility?  
 If 'tis your Will that I ſhould prove,  
 By cold Retreat, my ardent Love,  
 You may as well at once require  
 That I ſhould love, and quench Love's Fire.

Of Love the very Soul and Eſſence  
 Is the beloved Object's Preſence,  
 That once remov'd, its Comforts ceaſe,  
 And Love it ſelf is a Diſeaſe.

G

But

Sed quanta hæc hominum summa, *inquit* Araminta, qui contemplatione tantum contenti, Cupiditatibus indulserunt, ubicunque gentium furunt, desiderii igniculis tantummodò deliniti?

*Pace tua, Domina, inquit* Timantus, miserè cruciatus vivit, cui solum supersunt Spes & Expectatio: Verùm utut tibi placuerit, utrùm fortunatam, an amarissimam contigerit mihi vitam vivere; non deerit animi firmitudo patienter omnia ferre, nec non etiam tui studiosissimum esse usque ad extremum spiritum.

Sta promissis igitur, *aiebat* Araminta, & me tibi devincies, meâ causâ tibi ipsi pœnas dando.

*Sic factum erit, Domina, (inquit* Timantus) *Vultu mœstus & conturbatus. At verò tandem fieri non potest, quin tempus*——

Satis jam verborum est, *inquit* Araminta;

But many a one, the Fair reply'd,  
 With Contemplation's satisfy'd,  
 And by its friendly sole Assistance  
 Can sooth Desire at any Distance.

Madam, *Timante* cry'd, your Pardon,  
 A wishing Life's a very hard one:  
 But whate'er Life you me allor,  
 If happy 'tis to be, or not,  
 I shall no Want of Courage show  
 With Patience all to undergo,  
 And prove my self entirely yours,  
 As long as e'er my Life endures.

Pray keep your Promise, then, quoth she,  
 And I shall be beholden t'ye,  
 For suffering so much for me. }

Madam, I'll do't, *Timante* said,  
 With Looks dejected and dismay'd,  
 But mayn't I hope, that Time ———

Forbear  
 More Words to make, reply'd the Fair;

tibi sufficere debet, te mihi pergratum fore, si quæ jussërim curaveris: Et est quod te moneo, quòd qui semel sollicitus fuerit ut ad voluntatem suæ Amasæ seipsum conformet, nullâ re faciliùs ipsam sibi conciliabit.

Timantus, cùm intellexisset sælicius hanc rem quàm arbitrabatur sibi successisse, ulterius progredi haud probè duxit; sed fidem dans, promissa perficere, ex Ingenii bonitate, Temporisque accommodatione, meliora sperabat eventura.

E contrario tam affatim Timanti submissio amabili satisfacit Aramintæ, tum Amoris erga se studio, tum Honoris gratiâ, quòd illi significaret, ipsam quamprimùm populi rumor consenuerit, iterum seipsam visurum admittere se paratam fore; & quod ad se attineret, cùm ab omnibus sui Cuius nullâ ampliùs fuerit mentio,

It may suffice for me to say,  
 You'll please me much if you obey :  
 And I can tell you, whosoe'er  
 T' oblige his Mistress takes a Care,  
 Is in a ready Way to gain  
 The wish'd Reward of all his Pain.

*Timante* finding more Success  
 In this than he before could guess,  
 No farther now would press the Matter,  
 But trust to Time and her good Nature ;  
 Assuring her, there should be no Miss  
 Of strict Observance of his Promise.

Fair *Aramint*, on t'other Side,  
 With his Submission satisfy'd,  
 And with so great Affection shewn her,  
 As well as high Regard and Honour,  
 Declar'd that soon as e'er the Rumour  
 Grew stale upon the public Humour,  
 His former Freedom she'd renew,  
 To visit as he us'd to do.  
 And that, for her Part, when his Fault  
 Should by the World be quite forgot,



neque ipsam fore novissimam quæ memoriam istius silentio præteriret.

*Cùm dicendi finem fecisset, Timantus, omnium officiorum observantissimus, discessit. Nec longè post commorata est Araminta; sed nullo hac vice sermone dignata est Neophilam, de minima propensione, quam in se perceperat, viro indulgendi, quem nunc nuper cane pejùs & angue vitaverat.*

*Apparebat ex colloquio, quòd Pharmacopola Ægro-  
tân(que sua seipsos jam satis intelligerent; neque  
verò res latuit Neophilam; & eis paucos Dies,  
suam eò redegit amicam ut tantundem confiteretur.*

*Ad quod tempus, Lycander, (inter Procos spei  
plenissimus, quamvis Aramintæ non admodum gra-  
tiosus)*

She'd

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She'd no Occasion to give say,  
She'd better Memory than they.

On this they part, and our Gallant  
Took Leave in Manuer complaisant,  
Nor long behind his Mistress staid ;  
Bus not a Word she this Time said  
T' her Friend *Neophile*, concerning  
Her tender Heart with Pity yearning  
For Him, that she so very late  
Had seem'd so veh'mently to hate.

By what had pass'd it might appear  
The *Doctor* and his *Patient* fair  
Well understood each other's Mind ;  
And that *Neophile* could find ;  
Nor was it many Days before  
She made her Friend confess it to her.

And now *Lycander* ( whose proud Crest  
Uplifted was above the rest  
Of those that *Araminta* sought,  
Tho' in her Estimation nought )

*de Rure redierat, ubi non sine negotio abfuerat. Ejus ad Adventum lepidissima Clysteris narratione hilarem in modum acceptus erat; quæ delectandi loco, multò magis ipsum (tam valdè zelotypum temerariùmque) ita immoderatè ardere iracundiâ adgerat, ut vix verbis exprimi potuerit. Nihil aliud sibi sufficere potuit, quin in Timantum vindicandi sibi necessitatem imponeret; neque id etiam, at primò Aramintam (utcunque inculpatam) exprobrare constituit; quod satis superque primâ suâ Visitatione fecit.*

*Spero te bene valere, Domina, inquit Lycander.*

*Ego optimè valeo, Domine, quòdque mihi de nostro statu gratularis gratias ago, replicat Araminta.*

*Profectò, Domina, inquit ille, haud mihi dubium est; quin optime valeas: enimverò non me latet te nuperrimè Medicinæ indulgisse, ut convaleas.*

*Araminta, quæ satis hominem, & illius sensum penitissimè calluerat,*

Return'd from out the Country, where  
 He'd been to manage some Affair.  
 On his Return, they did not fail  
 To greet him with the Clyster-Tale;  
 Which 'stead of taking as a Jest, he  
 (Being very jealous, and as testy)  
 Into so great a Passion fell,  
 As Words were not enough to tell.  
 For nought would serve his Turn, but he  
 Reveng'd must on *Timante* be;  
 But first he would reproach the Fair,  
 (However innocent she were)  
 And roundly, as resolv'd, he paid her,  
 On the first Visit that he made her.  
 You're well, I hope, good Madam, said he?  
 I am, Sir, thank ye, cry'd the Lady.

Madam, quoth he, of Doubt I'm clear.  
 That you right Hail and Healthy are:  
 For I'm not ign'rant that you've lately  
 By Phÿsic benefited greatly.

Fair *Aramint*, who could the Man,  
 As well as what he drove at, ~~stand~~, scan,

Care-

*hoc illi minimè laboratum Responsum dedit, Nescio quomodo tute ipse Rerum mearum tam sagax olfactor eveneris; attamen id, Bone Vir, asseverare ausa sum, & sic habeto, ut quicquid facio Medicinæ indulgendo, mea nihil refert, utrùm, an non tibi placuerit.*

*Attamen, Domina, reposuit Lycander ille Rusticus, quanquam id tibi non cordi sit ut Animum expleas meum, mille Amatorum sunt, quorum voluntatibus summæ tibi voluptati foret morem gerere: Alioquin à quopiam, cui sors contigerit, infundi te Clystere nunquam permiseras.*

*At certò scito, quomodocunque res se habet (inquit illa, modestà protinus erubescens indignatione) munus illud istiusmodi est, quod nullo modo prorsus de te recipiam.*

*Sanè, Domina, inquit ille, nusquam ego talem ambiui dignitatem; officium illud exequendum relinquo Procorum tuorum gregi, quibus forsàn plus cordi fuerit; ego Pharmacopolam agere dedignor, & usque dedignabor.*

Careless reply'd, I wonder how  
 You my Affairs so well should know;  
 But, Sir, I tell you, what I do,  
 Has no Regard to pleasure you.

But, Madam, said the Clown, altho'  
 Such Disregard to me you show,  
 There are a Thousand, whom to favour,  
 You'd strain to th' utmost your Endeavour,  
 A *Clyster* else you'd ne'er thought fit  
 From any Hand by Chance t'admit.

But, know, that howsoe'er it be,  
 (Blushing with modest Rage) quoth she,  
 An Office of that Sort I ne'er  
 From such a One as you should bear.

And truly, Madam, answer'd he,  
 The Honour's not desir'd by me;  
 That I unto my Rivals quit,  
 Who'll be, perhaps, more proud of it;  
 But I th' Apothecary's Part  
 Disdain to handle, from my Heart.

E'en

Ne tibi cūræ sit, *inquit* Araminta, nunquam ego id periculum in te faciam, utrū dedigneris necne.

*Tantò melius erit, Domina, inquit ille; vereor enim ne sim par Timanto.*

Divinare non possum, *inquit illa*, quorsum evadas.

*Sed affatim est, inquit ille, possum ego.*

*Jam satis diu fabulati fuerant hoc modo; & Araminta toties quoties illi tam acutè responsa reddidit, ut Lycander nihil reperire potuerit isto Adventu, quam ob rem tantopere se jactaret, & sic evanuit.*

*Urgebat ipsum per totam noctem negotium hoc; & primâ luce cū surrexisset, ad Hospitium ubi Timantus commoratus est, istorsum se capeffit, ut ex ædibus foras exeuntem observaret, Gladiòque vaginâ vacuo suspectum sibi detrimentum sarcire postularet.*

*Namque*



E'en set your Heart, said she, at Rest,  
I ne'er shall put you to the Test.

You'll do the better, Madam, said he,  
*Timante's* at it far more ready.

Your Drift, cry'd she, I cannot tell.

I can, said he, and that's as well.

And now they'd talk'd it long enough,  
Between 'em thus, with Scorn and Huff;  
And *Aramint* so sharply paid him,  
In ev'ry Answer that she made him,  
That poor *Lycander* lost his Aim,  
And so departed as he came.  
Gall'd by Reflection all the Night,  
He 'rose as soon as e'er 'twas light,  
And to *Timante's* bent his Course,  
To watch his going out o' Doors,  
And for the fancy'd gross Affront  
'To call him, Sword in Hand, t'account.

For

*Namque id utcumque constituerat, ut in morem patius Accidentalæ Pugnæ, quàm Destinatæ Monomachiæ evenisse videretur. Horâ plus minus post ipsum expectaverat exit Timantus, nec longè remotus Lycander illum subsequitur, donec in obscurum Angiportum tam angustum quàm infrequentem pervenissent, & illico Lycander Gladium stringens ipsum adiit, præmonens illum ut seipsum tueretur.*

*Verbum unum Timanto sat fuit, qui tam fortiter pugnaverat, quòd Lycander antequam Certamen finitum fuerit, se maximum adisse periculum sentiret. Æquo Marte, per varios Impetus concertaverant; at jam tandem Timantus inimico paululum sanguinis detraxit, & forsân illi multò pejus evenisset, si non alii appropinquâssent, & Pugnam dirimissent.*

For he'd in such a Manner do it,  
 As should a chance Rencounter shew it,  
 And not give any Room to judge  
 'Twas a set Duel, on a Grudge.

About an Hour there did he tarry,  
 When issu'd forth his Adversary,  
 Him follow'd he, not very near,  
 'Till in a private Lane they were,  
 Then coming up, his Rapier drew,  
 And bade *Timante* do so too.

To him sufficient was a Word,  
 Who so expertly us'd his Sword,  
 That ere he'd done, he made his Foe  
 The Danger of his Prowess know.  
 With various Efforts both contended,  
 And Victory a while suspended;  
 But bravely to't *Timante* stood,  
 'Till he had drawn some hostile Blood,  
 And more had done too, in the End,  
 Had not some People interven'd.

This

*Constitutionem hanc non aliter quam Occursum subitum fuisse omnes arbitrabantur; haud tamen Adversarii tam immunes seipsos comprobabant ut rigorem Juris experiri non dubitarent; ideoque multò magis sibi-ipsis consulendum esse existimabant, quò laterent, donec aut semetipsos conciliarent, aut ad extremum usque dimicarent.*

*Facile conjecturâ consequi potis es, quàm diversè quilibet horum sortem illius diei animadverterat; dum Timantus Lætitiae plenus fuit, quia sibi tam in Hostem, quàm ex Prociis unum, omnia ex sententia simul successissent.*

*E contrario Lycander vix se suspendere dubitabat. Sed id quod maximè hominem ufferat, erat ridicula Litis origo. Si non accensus Furiis fuisset, (inquit ille) minimè propter Clysterem in tam immane periculum me injecissem, nec de Vita, nec Fama naufragium fecissem; cum multis aliis bujusmodi.*

This Skirmish was no other thought  
Than a chance Quarrel on the Spot;  
Yet were the Combatants in Fear  
The Law might on them prove severe,  
So judg'd it best to seek Asyle,  
And keep themselves conceal'd awhile,  
'Till, or their Peace were brought about,  
Or they could meet and fight it out.

How diff'rently reflected they  
Upon the Fortune of that Day!  
*Timante's* Joy must overflow,  
That o'er a Rival and a Foe  
He'd had the Luck to triumph so.

On t'other Side *Lycander* scarce  
In Rage to hang himself forbears.  
But that which chiefly vex'd him, was  
This bloody Quarrel's silly Cause.  
Had I not been possess'd, quoth he,  
A Clyster ne'er had injur'd me,  
Nor both my Life and Honour wreck'd;  
With more he said to that Effect.

H

While

*Jam verò dum Lycander adeò tantopere sæviret,  
animòque angeretur, Timanto negotium fuit Ama-  
siam suam Literis assequi; quod eodem die actutum  
fecit his conceptis verbis.*

---

## A R A M I N T Æ F O R M O S Æ,

Quam non audeo revifere.

**T**AM firmiter & constanter in Animo ha-  
beo; tamque summâ Necessitate cogor  
semper tui juris esse, vel in omnibus te-  
cum sentiendo, aut omnia tecum improbando, non  
aliter quàm tute ipsa feceris, ita ut ob id quod nu-  
perrimè mihi contigit, nequeam dicere an melio-  
re loco, vel deteriore statu sim, donec intellexero  
num tibi ratum fuerit. Si nihil in eo sit quod suc-  
censeas, haud aliquid optatius mihi cadere potuit;  
sin secus, pereo funditus.

Interea

While wounded both in Mind and Body,  
*Lycander* thus employ'd his Study,  
*Timante's* Bus'ness was to write  
To *Aramint*, his Soul's Delight;  
Which he perform'd that very Day,  
And gave th' Epistle thus to say.

---

To that incomparable FAIR,  
Whom I to visit must not dare.

SO absolutely fixt am I,  
So bound by strict Necessity,  
According to your Laws to move,  
And like, with you, or disapprove,  
That I'm uncertain how to rate,  
Or happy, or unfortunate,  
My late Adventure, 'till I find  
How it's determin'd in your Mind.  
If you're not angry at the Deed,  
Scarce more could to my Wish succeed;  
If otherwise, my Fate's decreed.

}



Interea statueram *Jocationis* aliquid, oblectandi gratiâ, tibi dono dare: Paucarum Horarum succisivarum opus; sed mihi ne mitterem interdictum putavi, dum veritus sim ne ab illa nimia licentia mensuram faceres *Observantiæ Venerationis*que erga te

TIMANTI.

---

**A** Raminta hanc *Epistolam* libenter accipiebat, sed nequaquam eo usque exorari potuit ut rescriberet; tantummodo vivâ voce Timantum certiore fecit, pergratum sibi fore id oculis collustrare, cujus in *Literis* mentionem fecerat.

*Id Aramintæ confestim à Timanto missum fuit, hujus quod sequitur societate conjunctum.*

OPTA-

Mean Time I, to you, had Intent  
To send a Piece of Merriment;  
The Labour of an Hour or two,  
Wrote merely for diverting you;  
But I've suppress'd it, lest you make  
The Liberty I with you take,  
A Measure of th' observant Duty  
Which I'm for ever bound to shew t'ye.

---

**F**AIR *Araminta* took the Letter,  
But, for her Writing, rested Debtor;  
And only sent him Word, that she  
Would gladly what he mention'd see.

*Timante* was not long before,  
Inclos'd in this, he sent it to her.

## OPTATISSIMÆ

Fœminarum Omnium

In Toto

TERRARUM ORBE.

**S**I Nugæ, quas tibi jam concedidi, displicuisse contigerint, in te, Domina, conferto culpam, quia tute ipsa jussisti: Intelliges, si perlegeris, conamen illud esse conscriptum in laudem ——— alicujus quod anonymum erit. Infanti nondum Nomen imponitur; Quid si *Encomii* Titulum adhiberemus illi, vel quemvis alium, ut tibi placuerit? Hilaritas illa si te delectet, effeci id quod cupio. De taciturnitate mea ne dubita, quin tam tenuis in verbis serendis fuero, quàm tute ipsa in illud ostendendo, de quo fit Argumentum, cauta fueris. Crede hoc, Domina, meum fore, id nequaquam in lucem proferre, nisi tu sis eadem quæ contrarium palam feceris.

*To her, who'll easily be found,  
The loveliest FAIR that treads the Ground.*

**I**N Case the Fool'ry that I send  
Should chance your Ladyship t'offend,  
E'en take upon your self the Blame,  
Since 'twas by your Command it came;  
On your perusing it, you'll see,  
An Essay 'tis, design'd by me  
In Praise of—— what shall nameless be.  
The Babe I have not christen'd yet,  
*Encomium*, shall w' entitle it,  
Or any thing you deem more fit?  
If it to your Diversion tend,  
The Author has obtain'd his End.

No Question of my Silence make,  
For backward I shall be to speak,  
As you your self would be to show  
The Subject that employ'd me so.  
Believe me, Madam, that Affair  
You'll never find by me take Air,  
Unless, that, by your single Fault,  
It to an open Light be brought.

Si sit aliquid in eo quod tibi displiceat, piget me fecisse, paratúsque sum ut veniam petam. Tum denique, tam crudelem esse te non possum credere, ut id in Contumeliam accipere velis. Jussu tuo quod feci factum fuit, & si peccaverim, ecquid ampliùs tibi comparare potis es, quàm ut Pœnitentiam ageret, ac se submitteret

TIMANTUS?

---

**S**Ubrifit Araminta dum hanc Epistolam perlegeret, quam festinanter expedit, ut ad id quod sequitur adventaret.

---

**N**E vivam, Domina, si meminisse possim unquam aliquid tam mirificè me nuperrimè delectâsse, quàm id ——— quod te non latet. Reverà prorsus, cum animo cogitem speciosissimam illius *Figuram* decorâmq; *Pulchritudinem*,

me

If what I've writ Offence should give,  
The Author of it fore would grieve,  
And readily your Pardon crave.  
But sure, you ne'er can take Affront  
Since by your Order I have done't;  
And, if I've been at all to blame,  
What can you of me farther claim,  
Than that I for it Penance do,  
And totally submit to you?

---

**T**HIS Letter, while she read, the Fair,  
To smile upon't could not forbear;  
But hurry'd o'er with greater Speed,  
That she the following might read.

---

**N**E'ER, Madam, found I any Thing,  
In all my Life so ravishing,  
As *That*, by me so lately seen, ——  
Your Ladyship knows what I mean.

Its Form and Graces, when conjoin'd  
By Recollection in my Mind,

Con-

me persuasum habeo, quod in toto terrarum Orbe nec habeat id quod vidi ullum sibi par, nec ullum secundum: Tam nitidum, tam *levi Rotunditate molliter assurgens*, tamque *peræquâ Proportionem distributum*. Tum præterea quod ad *Crasin* attinet, *Ruborem* scilicet *Candoremque* purè naturalem, omnes omnium *Rosarum Liliorumque* Colores, neque *Nix* neque *Minium*, quæ unquam Poetarum greges in *Carminibus*, eroticisque suis *Fabulis*, post homines natos usque ad hanc diem *Fœminarum Malis* applicaverunt, ullo modo cum ea comparari possunt. Et totum hoc sine sumptu *Speculorum, Pulveris Odorati, Pigmentorum, sive Splendorum*, tantummodo mollis nonnunquam *Lavacri* subsidio, quod sufficit. Verissimum est concinnum hoc Animal æquè atque *Amoris Deum oculis orbari*: Tum verò nec minus certum si sit oculorum expers, neque iisdem *careat*. Quippe quòd nec aliquid habeat operis vel negotii, quin tam per *Tenebras*, quàm per *Lucem* effici potuerit.

Nec

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Convince me, that the World around,  
 Its Equal is not to be found;  
 So neat, so plump, so gently rising,  
 Its Symmetry thro'out surprizing.  
 Of it's Complexion may be said,  
 That, for pure nat'ral White and Red,  
 The *Lily* fair, the scarlet *Rose*,  
*Vermilion*, and the driv'n *Snows*,  
 All that e'er youthful Poets Fancies,  
 Or in their Poems, or Romances,  
 Have hitherto, from Days of *Adam*,  
 Apply'd to Cheeks of any Madam,  
 Must far in Competition yield  
 To such an ample Beauty's Field.  
 And this without the Cost and Care  
 That usually attend the Fair,  
 Of Mirrours, Powder, Paint, or Aid  
 Of aught in the cosmetic Trade;  
 Only a harmless Wash or so,  
 It now and then does undergo.  
 Like *Love*, the pretty Creature's blind,  
 And yet no Want of Eyes can find:  
 Since all its Bus'ness may as right  
 Be done in Darkneſs as in Light.

Nor

Nec in id efficiendo *summâ* etiam *Prudentiâ* destituitur. Certè enim admodum *perpauca loquitur*: Oblatum munus minimè *respuere* pulchrè callet: Cùmque satis sibi contigerit, quod factum fuit *tacere* *bendè* novit. Communis omnium est *Reconciliator*, ac *Diribitorium tam Fatuorum* quàm *Philosophorum*; & ut uno verbo dicam, *Adminiculum, Solatium, Humanæque Naturæ Negotium*.

fit | E re nata, plura forsan *ultrò citròque* dici poterint, sed affatim hæc. Exoro te, Domina, cum primùm amicus meus summus tibi visus fuerit, ut à me salutem illi plurimam impertire velles. Non sum nescius apud eum te primam esse, ideòque quòd penes te quoque, ~~per~~ pergrata Officia in me conferre; nec defuturam te dubito, si tam mei cupidissima sis, quam meritò exoptarem; præsertim, cum tibi satis constiterit, inesse huic ingenii festivitati tantam Amoris, & Reverentiæ vim & magnitudinem, ut nullius capacior esse potuerit Anima

TIMANTI.

*Incerta*

Nor in the very doing on't,  
 Does it the utmost Prudence want.  
 To speak, it very seldom chuses;  
 Nor a kind Offer e'er refuses:  
 And then it ne'er is such a Fool  
 As Tales to tattle out of School.  
 The Reconciler 'tis of Strife  
 Betwixt the Husband and the Wife,  
 And is the gen'ral Rendezvous  
 Both of the Wife and Foolish too:  
 It is, to sum up all in short,  
 Life's Business, Comfort, and Support.

More I could say on this Affair,  
 But chuse, at present, to forbear.

My best Respects, pray, recommend,  
 When next you see my worthy Friend;  
 With whom, your Interest is such,  
 I know you there can serve me much;  
 And will, I make no Doubt, if you  
 Regard me, as I'd have you do;  
 Especially, when you shall know,  
 There's in this Gaiety I show  
 As much Respect and Love unfeign'd  
 As in my Soul can be contain'd.

To

**I**ncerta fuit Araminta quid conjecturæ faceret de farragine hujus Epistolæ: Aliquid enim continebat quod risum merebatur, & rursum aliquid quod ipsam commotam redderet: Quippe quod Timanti festivitas extra modum prodiiisset, cum Famam tam castæ ac verecundæ Virginis quasi ludibrio habitam exposuisset, atque id quidem res ipsa fuit quam illa ægerrimè tulit. Sed de Circumstantiis ratione habitâ, necnon de frequenti illorum incogitantia, qui quicquid in buccam venerit inter jocos effutire usurpârunt, sine mora prætereundum esse statuit.

Ex eo, (nam ab amicis & opportunitate quid non sperandum est) tandem Rex pacatus erat, cum non paucis asseverationibus certior factus fuisset, certamen id fortuito contigisse, nec designatum, neque præmeditatum.

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**T**O *Araminta* 'twas difficile  
 How she should take this same Epistle;  
 For there was something in it might  
 Her Laughter well enough excite,  
 And something in it not so right,  
 Because *Timante* much too far  
 Had run the Humour jocular,  
 Which almost Satire seem'd upon her,  
 To ridicule her Virgin Honour;  
 And that she could in no wise brook,  
 But of him very heinous took.  
 Yet, when she had consider'd better  
 The Circumstances of the Letter,  
 And that themselves they oft forget,  
 Who are so much on joking set;  
 She judg'd, upon the whole, 'twere best  
 To take no Notice of the Jest.

As Time and Friends do any thing,  
 So ——— now they had appeas'd the King,  
 About the *Cavaliero's* Fight,  
 As purely Chance, and not of Spight.

Then

*Tum locus constitutus erat ad conveniendum aptus, apud domum alicujus qui ambobus ex animo bene velle studebat, ut inter certantes Inimicōs iterum pacem redintegraret. In eum locum ad rem disceptandam introducti sunt; sed Lycandrum ut illuc adveniret hic labor, hoc opus erat exorare.*

*Postquam putabant omnia ex sententia bene successisse, rogans illorum unus quo pacto tantas turbas inter sese concivissent, Timantus fidem fecit se penitus nescire, verum quod Lycander primò certamen intentans, illi prorsus rationem reddere potis erat.*

*E contrario replicat Lycander, id Timanto satis constituisse neque tam inscium eum esse, prout ipse simularet: Quod Timantus iterum ac sæpius dejerabat non paucis Juramentis, Execrationibúsque tam innumeris, ut omnes uno ore Lycandrum adirent rem ipsam indicare obsecrantes.*

*Ille*

Then was a Place appointed where  
To hold a Congress on th' Affair,  
The House of One, a Wisher hearty  
Of Happiness to either Party,  
A proper Person to compose  
The Quarrel 'twixt the Rival-Foes.  
Both came, but 'twas with much ado  
*Lycander* dragg'd to th' Interview.

When all was over, as 'twas thought,  
One ask'd on what Account they fought;  
*Timante* said he nothing knew,  
For his Part, whence the Quarrel grew,  
But that *Lycander*, who began,  
To answer was the fitter Man.

To which *Lycander* answer'd gruff,  
*Timante* knew it well enough,  
Nor was so ignorant as he  
Would of it feign himself to be:  
Which still *Timant*, on t'other Side  
So oft and solemnly deny'd,  
That one and all with joint Request  
*Lycander* to Discov'ry prest.



*Ille omnia molitur, nè id faceret, sed eò magis instabant, neque ullum effugium assequi potuit, cum omnes secum reputarent Timantum contra jus fasque injuriis sine causa illum provocare noluisse. Jamdudum sollicitaverant ut vix denique prævalerent; tamen ad extremum Lycander apertè dixit, se de Timanto Zelotypum fuisse, Gladiumque nudavisse ut indignum facinus in Dominam sibi semper in honore habitam vindicaret; quam Dominam Timantus, fortuitò Clysterem infundendo, nimis injuriosè tractaverat. Ad hæc Societas cachinnum sustulit, atque unus ex iis multò magis præ cæteris in risum solutus, tam acrem sonitum dedit, ut illi Lycander furibundus, ac Mente captus, ut qui in ridiculo habitum esse sentiret, eolaphum impingeret, ita ut Aula non minùs alapa quàm cachinno concuteretur.*

Full backward was he to declare,  
 But with him they more instant were,  
 Nor had he any Room t' evade,  
 Since no One could himself perswade,  
 That he would, for no Cause at all,  
 Unjustly on *Timante* fall.  
 So long they ply'd him hard and fast,  
 That he was brought to own at last,  
 That Jealousy provok'd him so  
 To treat *Timante* as a Foe,  
 And that his Sword he on him drew  
 In Honour of a Dame he knew,  
 Which Dame, by Chance, *Timante* lately  
 Affronted by a *Clyster* greatly.

What Laughter sprung from such a Jest!  
 And one, more merry than the rest,  
 In higher Notes his Mirth exprest;  
*Lycander* mad that he should mock,  
 And make of him a laughing Stock,  
 Strait gave him such a Box o' th' Ear  
 As shook the Hall in which they were,  
 As much as they with Laughter near.

*Casu tam subito Sodalitium in varias & discrepantes scinditur partes. Cum Lycandero stabant aliqui, necnon etiam contrà steterunt alii, strictisque Gladiis momento temporis ea res ad manus atque ad pugnam veniebat. Erant inter eos qui majori sapientiâ imbuti, illorum turbas atque rixas, quavis haud difficulter, pacaverunt; sed non tam citò, quin duo vel tres, nimium præcipitanter inflammati, vulnerarentur; quorum Lycander unus erat, qui (quasi præmium temeritati debitum) stultitiæ suæ pœnas dedit. Læsus erat non sine periculo; tamen id minima doloris sui pars erat: Namque nihil ipsum magis sollicitabat, quàm ut tam insignes ineptias egisse videretur, quo Famam ipsius in discrimen committeret. Ob quantis seipsum diris prosequebatur; Proh Jupiter! hinc mihi, inquit, (me scabies urgeat) prurientis Amoris fructus, hocne petulantis Mancipii præmium! sint eadem universis mei similibus expectanda:*

The Company by this Event  
Was into diff'rent Parties rent ;  
Some of them Friends were of *Lycander's*,  
And some were by the other Standers,  
And in a Moment's Time th' Affair  
With naked Swords produc'd a War.  
More wise were some of 'em, and they  
With much ado compos'd the Fray ;  
Yet two or three that were too hot,  
Had wounded in the Scuffle got,  
And (of his Rashness as Reward)  
*Lycander* in their Fortune shar'd.  
His Hurt was not from Danger free,  
Yet least concern'd at that was he ;  
For there was nothing vex'd him more  
Than Fame to risque on such a Score.  
What Curses call'd he on his Head !  
Are these the Fruits, ô Heav'n ! he said,  
The Blessings of a Love Intrigue !  
(Confound my Folly, with a Plague)  
This Premium waits an am'rous Slave !  
May all such Fools no better have :

*Dii Deæque omnes illam, atque illius omnia meipsumque perdant, ipsius si unquam iterum mentionem faciam. Accepi duo vulnera pro uno Clysiere.*

*Quodcunque dictum, vel factum à Lycandro fuit, id ipsum Aramintæ renunciatum erat, cui Zelotypia incredibilisque Stupiditas hominis jam satis innotuerat; ideoque omnino omnia ita dicta, ita transacta fuisse, nullo modo prorsus suspicari potuit. Age, inquit illa, quandoquidem sibiipfi dejerare tantopere perplacuit, faciam ego unum hoc quoque Juramentum; nunquam me illum iterum intuituram, si possibile fuerit, ut illius aspectum aufugere possim.*

*Jam tum cum primum Aramintæ fixum fuit, ipsum quidem illud quod decrevisset persequi, intrat Neophila, vice Timanti de Connubii conditionibus disceptatura; qua in re non solum Araminta secum reputabat se sui juris esse, verum etiam tam Honoris, quam rectæ Rationis, propriæque suæ Voluntatis vinculis asstrictam.*

And may the Devils of ev'ry Feather  
Vex —— her and her's, and me together,  
If e'er I name again the *Puffs*,  
To suffer for a *Clyster* thus!

Whatever he had said or done  
Was strait to *Araminta* blown,  
Who well his jealous Folly knew;  
Nor doubted all she heard was true.  
Come on, since he's so good, quoth she,  
So ready at abjuring me;  
I'll make a Vow as well as he;  
No more to set my Eyes upon him,  
So long as I have Pow'r to shun him.

Upon her fixing this Decree,  
Came in her Friend *Neophile*,  
On brave *Timante's* Part t'entreat  
By Marriage she'd his Hopes complete;  
In which she knew there wa'nt a Soul  
Had Right her Conduct to controul,  
And Honour, Reason, Inclination,  
Join'd all together in Perswasion;

*Præterea, Lycandrum à se penitus abalienaverat.*

*Clysteris hoc eventum ad futuras Nuptias multum admodum contulit. Reputabat enim Araminta familiaritatem illam cum posterioribus Mulieris partibus quasi quoddam Conjugale Privilegium, efficaciterque duxit in arrham Matrimonii datum: Quod propediem consummatum erat, miserrimi Lycandri nullâ ratione habitâ; qui per totum id tempus lecto tenebatur, tantis Corporis angoribus, tamque incredibilibus Animi molestiis implicatus, ut vix intellectu concipi potuerint. Visum erat omnibus quiddam portenti genus Clysteris hujus fuisse vim: Namque Cor ipsum Aramintæ virtute suâ suffudit, utque duo in unum coirent efficiebat; qui cum plus plûsque millies usitato more seipsos invisissent, tamen ne quicquam tale aliquid unquam antea somniâssent.*

*Hæc Pharmacopolæ Historia Ægrotantisque suæ, permultas Jocationes, convivalisque Fabulas inter Ingeniosos & Facietiarum plenos frequenter agitabat;*

*nullis*



Besides, 'twas over with *Lycander*,  
Who now was turn'd adrift to wandet,

The *Clyster* thus, as it fell out,  
Was what the Marriage brought about.  
For *Araminta* look'd upon  
The Office by *Timante* done,  
To be a nuptial Privilege,  
Before-hand taken as a Pledge :  
And soon the Couple consummate,  
Regardless of *Lycander's* State,  
Who still was to his Bed confin'd,  
With Body pain'd and raving Mind.  
The *Clyster* seem'd t'have Magic in't,  
It wrought so on fair *Aramint* ;  
And by it's Virtue join'd were they  
Who'ad seen each other ev'ry Day,  
Yet in their Course of visiting,  
Had never dream'd of such a Thing.

This Story of th' *Apothecary*,  
And of his *Patient* was so merry,  
That it excited many a Joke  
With pleasant and facetious Folk ;

Yet

*nullis tamen Famæ maculis nec Contumeliarum at-  
leis ; nam ambo pares suavitate Morum quàm Na-  
turæ dotibus affulserunt ; & totum quod dictum fu-  
erat, vel dici potuerit, hoc unum erat, Timantum  
tam feliciter opus suum explevisse, ut jure ac me-  
ritò præmiis sibi debitis donaretur.*



Yet free from Satire's pointed Sting,  
A Blot upon their Fame to bring;  
For Manners sweet, Endowments rare,  
Approv'd them both an equal Pair:  
And this was all upon the Head  
That ever was, or could be said,  
*Timante* well had play'd his Part,  
And was rewarded for his Art.



2